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THE MAN WHO BOMBED the house of Mr. McHardy, the Sacco-Vanzetti juror, struck a terrible blow at the prisoners and stiffened the backs of all who might have had something to say as to a commutation of sentence. More than that, it again identified the cause of these men with bomb-throwers in the minds of multitudes who read only the headlines. The very thing that hundreds of men and women who fought for the lives of these two men tried to get out of the case—the question of their political opinions—was thus reinjected. So we can only devoutly hope that the execution will bring no further outrages with it. We must again repeat what we have already said that the cause of progress and true liberty is enormously retarded by any act of violence, which is invariably seized upon by every reactionary as the excuse for reprisals and the suppression of free speech, free assembly, and the right to demonstrate which marked the closing hours of the tragedy in Boston. Two wrongs never yet made a right—violence cures and helps nothing. The capital of Massachusetts trembled both in fear of bombs and of words. One could not carry legends as to the "judicial murder" of Sacco and Vanzetti without being arrested. And this on Boston Common of all places, where once even the boys of Boston fought a successful battle against other "reds," or red-coats, to be exact. Those who turn to violence to vent their feelings will only injure gravely the cause they seek to aid.

WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY and often how disappointing a public man is William E. Borah! Here is a great figure in our political life, the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, sending the following words to Jane Addams in response to her appeal to him to aid in his official capacity in the saving of Sacco and Vanzetti because of the tremendous feeling in Europe:

> But it would be a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage, to pay the slightest attention to foreign protests or mob protests at home. We all know your fine devotion to humanity, but neither humanity nor peace can be served by deferring to foreign interference, which is an impudent and wilful challenge to our sense of decency and dignity and ought to be dealt with accordingly.

Any petty agent of the National Security League might have penned these lines, the mistaken character of which ought to be clear to Senator Borah when he finds that it has led to his commendation editorially by the Boston *Transcript* and other dailies which ordinarily are ready to criticize his every utterance. The discouraging tone of this despatch lies less in its attitude toward the particular cause for which his help was asked than in the revelation of the Senator's mental slant. Fortunately he has his different moods. Two days later he swung round and offered his services to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee to aid in getting justice done! This is characteristic. Where once he breathed fire and slaughter against the Mexicans, he has of late been a tower of strength and wisdom in dealing with the situation. We notice that Mr. Borah has also appealed to the nations of Europe to devote themselves now to furthering democracy at home. That is excellent; but it is no foundation for democracy in America to put to death men as to whose guilt literally millions have well-based doubts.

THE TRAGEDIES in connection with the trans-Pacific flight, the failure of the German flyers, and the weeks of delays which those who are waiting good weather before taking off from France and England have had to face are clear enough proof how far we still are from any regular transatlantic air service. It is well to pioneer and for that reason risks must be run to establish the first contacts. But it is obvious that there must be a tremendous advance in the safety of airplanes and a radical change in the type manufactured for overseas flight before there can be any talk of passenger or mail service. It is a grave question, too, whether it would not be well to discourage transoceanic contests until we are much further along—as we write the Dole contest seems to have cost five airplanes and ten lives, enough in all conscience to put an end to any further racing. Particularly pathetic is the loss of Captain Erwin with his Spirit of Dallas; he so bravely set forth to zigzag to Hawaii in the hope of aiding the others who were down. Never before, we presume, has any radio message come from an airplane that it was in a tailspin and dropping. What iron nerve and fortitude the sending of such a message must have called for!

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WE COMMEND to the statesmen of all subject people the diplomatic style of C. C. Wu, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the dying Nationalist government of Nanking. He does not waste breath in assurances of high consideration. On August 16 a British military airplane flying over Chinese territory near Shanghai was forced to land. The Chinese have repeatedly protested against the practice of foreign airplanes flying over Chinese territory, and on this occasion a detachment of Chinese troops seized the airplane's wings. Dr. Wu announced:

> The British are criminals in the eyes of the Chinese and international law as regards their aviation policy in China. We intend to use this incident to force a showdown in the matter of flights in China. We intend to hold the wings. We have not the force to meet British imperialism but we intend to let the world know what they are doing.

The British under Major General Sir John Duncan promptly tore up a section of the Shanghai-Hangchow-Ningpo railway as a reprisal, and the Chinese were forced to give back the airplane wings. Dr. Wu's defiance of Great Britain was bad military strategy but first-class advertising. It reminded the world of the extent of British occupation of China. But how much better is America's position? Six amphibian airplanes intended for Guam have just been sent to China instead. These, upon their arrival, will make twenty-one American military airplanes in China, increasing the potential danger of abuse and violation of Chinese rights.

THE WORLD OIL WAR which Sir Henri Deterding of the Royal Dutch-Shell promised to instigate against the Standard Oil of New York when that company entered into an agreement with the Russian naptha company for the purchase of Russian oil is assuming daily more significant proportions. At the start of the Anglo-American conflict, it will be remembered, Sir Henri directed his highly virtuous crusade against the Standard Oil of New York; it was only this company of the Standard group that had fallen so low as to purchase the Soviet's "stolen oil" (i. e., expropriated from Sir Henri's company under the nationalization act of 1918). With the Standard Oil of New Jersey Sir Henri intended to continue friendly and cooperative trade agreements. This state of grace for the New Jersey company, however, did not last long—it made the mistake of entering into the "Heidelberg agreement" with the German dye trust. This German-American alliance gives the Standard exclusive selling and exploiting rights in the new crude oil and oil patents of the German company—thereby freezing Sir Henri out completely. But the agreement—and this is probably more despicable from Sir Henri Deterding's viewpoint—also links the New Jersey Standard with Russia, since the German dye trust has important branches and concessions in the Soviet Republic. At any rate the Dutch-Shell has denounced its compact with the Standard to cooperate in the exploitation of the Persian oil fields. This action is interpreted as Sir Henri's way of reprisal, and it makes the break between the two oil groups now seem complete. The likelihood of a peaceful settlement or compromise has virtually disappeared.

WITH THE PRECEDING reprisals and counter-reprisals in mind, the recent Soviet-Persia trade treaty assumes added importance. It is in Persia that British policy has been constantly in opposition to Russia—even before the World War its main object was to keep Persia as a buffer state between Russia and India. One can easily imagine how this desire has grown with England's deadly fear of Soviet propaganda. The weakening of this barrier, therefore, coupled with the American concessions in the rich Caucasian oil fields, has obviously not lessened British antagonism toward the Soviet system in general and in the Persian region in particular. Nor has Great Britain's apprehension decreased. Already it has been proposed to place the Indian army under the direct control of the War Office instead of the Viceroy. Under the War Office the Indian troops could be directed to any point of need. Thus would be overcome the Indian Government's opposition to the use of Indian troops for other than strictly defensive purposes within India. Great Britain maintains, of course, that this proposed army reorganization, which also involves concentrating the main British military strength in India, is simply for protection against a threatened Russian invasion through Afghanistan. While it may be conceded that Afghanistan is a weak point on the Indian border, it is open to conjecture whether the attractive petroliferous lands of northern Persia and Caucasia have not had a strong influence in reforming British "defensive" tactics. In the past it has certainly not been unknown for the desires of the Foreign Office and those of the great petroleum interests to show a striking similarity of purpose. "Meanwhile," asks a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, "is there any possibility of an actual clash in the near future? Men following the situation . . . say that next spring may witness the first moves."

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING and hopeful events in Europe since the armistice is the trade treaty just concluded between France and Germany. The close of the World War found a well-organized propaganda and a firm intention in France never again to buy merchandise from Germany, while the occupation of the Ruhr left Germans with a greater bitterness toward the French than the war itself. Yet now, only eight years after the dissension-breeding Treaty of Versailles, the traditional foes, France and Germany, come together in an accord which is calculated not only to benefit both economically but to improve gradually their political and social relations. In general each country grants the other tariff concessions on articles which its nationals do not produce. Germany has also agreed to practical exclusion of her citizens from Morocco. Her steamship lines may enter Moroccan ports but the agencies there may not be conducted by Germans. No better proof than this treaty could be adduced to prove the old adage that misfortune makes brothers of us all. Germany, with the necessity of carrying a huge indemnity and recreating her foreign trade, realizes the need of French markets, while France, staggering under a huge burden of debt and a depressed currency, has to keep her industria wheels turning or perish. Thus business has again made peace while politicians merely talked it.

WE PREDICTED in last week's *Nation* that an Irish coalition might force out President Cosgrave and install the Labor leader, Tom Johnson, or Colonel Redmond in his place. Nothing of the sort happened. President Cosgrave held his place by one vote; the Labor and De Valera supporters lost by a count of 70 to 71, the missing vote being the property of one John Jinks, a Redmond supporte

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unfortunately absent from the chamber when the roll-call was taken. At first it was rumored that Mr. Jinks had been kidnapped, but no such romantic explanation was forthcoming. At the last moment he had changed his mind. As a result the Government will remain in power until October, anyway, when the House meets again. By that time Mr. Jinks may have been persuaded, or another coalition, not so precarious, may have been formed. Meanwhile the Government's attempts to place the murder of Kevin O'Higgins at the door of the De Valera party has been without result.

A POLICEMAN WITH A GUN is a dangerous animal: five persons killed and eleven wounded in New York City this year by chance shots from a policeman's pistol bear eloquent witness to the fact. During the last ten days a nine-year-old girl was killed by a policeman, a twelve-year-old-boy shot in the leg, a man at the wheel of his car commandeered by a policeman to chase a stolen automobile dropped dead from a policeman's bullet, an Italian was shot in the abdomen by a policeman and died, and two other Italians, a man and a woman, were slightly wounded. It is well that as a result of this shocking state of affairs Police Commissioner Warren, in some embarrassment, should call for an inquiry into the cavalier pursuit of suspected criminals by officers of the law armed with revolvers. But what does the commissioner propose to do about the situation? Why, to be sure, he has directed that patrolmen report for target practice four times a year instead of twice as is the custom at present. But, according to the New York *World*, no general warning has been issued warning patrolmen against using revolvers in the streets, especially in crowded zones. Evidently, besides "investigating" the shootings that have just taken place—and doubtless establishing the fact that actually the unfortunate person was alive and is now dead or wounded, as the case may be—the commissioner has thought of nothing except to give the police more lessons in how to shoot straight, when it is obvious that they need the most elementary instruction in how not to shoot at all.

SUBJECT TO THE APPROVAL of shareholders the capital of the International Mercantile Marine Company is to be materially reduced. In place of $101,596,800 referred and common stock now outstanding, the corporation is to issue approximately 720,000 shares of no par value about five-sixths of which will be common and the balance cumulative preferred stock retirable at $100. This drastic recapitalization is the outcome of the sale some six months ago of the White Star Line, the Mercantile Marine's principal asset. When this first of the great shipping trusts was formed twenty-five years ago its vessel fleet was acquired at the abnormally high prices for tonnage then prevailing in consequence of the British Government having requisitioned a vast amount of shipping for carrying on the Boer War. The book value of its passenger and cargo carriers was $160 a ton, or nearly three times that of the vessels of competing lines. From its very inception therefore the International Mercantile Marine was overcapitalized. It was never able to pay a dividend on its common stock, while only for a few years from 1917 on, when shipping made unprecedented profits as a result of the World War, did it declare any dividends on its preferred stock. In a highly competitive business open to all comers like the ocean carrying trade, an enterprise with an inflated capital cannot possibly be made to pay appreciable returns to shareholders. This initial mistake of its promoters the officials of the International Mercantile Marine now propose to rectify by writing off $45,000,000 from its good-will account and by changing its present stock into a lessened number of no-par shares.

A GOOD WILL TRIP to Mexico in an airplane was the plan of leading business men of Houston, Texas. Nothing else, they thought, would do quite so much to cultivate friendly relations between Mexico and the United States. It was a "metropolitan" idea, too, in these days when Lindberghs and Chamberlains were being hailed as unofficial ambassadors of good will across the Atlantic. In order to make the trip sound more important T. L. Evans, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, telegraphed to President Calles of Mexico asking permission to enter the republic. President Calles replied in a courteous telegram that he would be glad to welcome the flyers, would waive all customs regulations in order that they might cross the border without landing, and would arrange to have an air field lighted so that, if necessary, the plane might land at night. The plan to create reciprocal brotherly love between Houston and the country below the Rio Grande seemed well on its way to success. Then Mr. Evans telegraphed to our Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg, from whom came the following reply:

> Your telegram of August 5 was considered with every disposition to grant your request if this could be done without jeopardizing other matters affecting very vitally the policy of this government and the enforcement of our arms embargo. . . . I regret very much the necessity of informing you that having in mind the larger interests of the government, it is not possible to grant your request.

What a delightful flight of the fancy "Nervous Nellie" must have had to imagine that an airplane load of singing Rotarians would be violating the arms embargo! And this so soon after Lindbergh had been greeted in France as a messenger of peace. It all goes to show that, according to the new Kelloggian hypothesis, the character of an airplane is relative to its orientation: when it flies eastward it is a dove of peace; but if it should change its course and fly southerly it becomes contraband of war. The cultivation of "good will" with Mexico must proceed in the usual Kelloggian way—under the guidance and escort of United States marines.

WHERE MORE THAN IN GERMANY today would a thing like the Liga Miramundum be likely to start? Recently, it is reported, 500 citizens of Berlin met to organize a league for international friendships. The German people know what it means to be misunderstood, and at least 500 of them have decided to make the world as intimate a place as possible. They say that the world will be held together, if at all, not by ships and airships—which at a moment's notice are capable of becoming instruments of death and separation—but by an inter-tangle of personal acquaintanceships. To this end groups will be formed over Germany and it is hoped over other countries of the two hemispheres, which can assemble whenever desirable for the purpose of conversation with travellers arrived from foreign lands. The success of the enterprise will depend wholly upon the size it achieves. A few international friendships will never prevent nations from misunderstanding one another. But any such motive is to be praised.

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Massachusetts the Murderer

MASSACHUSETTS has taken two lives with a vindictiveness and brutality unsurpassed in our history. It has blotted out the fishmonger and the cobbler whose names are now known around the world, men who in the minds of multitudes will take for the moment their places with the Carpenter. In the face of a world-wide protest of never-equalled dimensions, in the face of appeals from lawyers and judges of the highest standing, and from the heads of foreign governments—with complete contempt for the earnest pleas of the entire European press and some of the leading American daily newspapers that the guilt of the two men was not established beyond doubt—Governor Fuller and his council have sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their deaths. Henceforth the world over, when men wish to describe what is worst in any judicial system, they will declare that it is akin to Massachusetts justice; they will speak for years to come with horror of a State in which two men could be executed after seven years of monstrous torture, in the face of world-wide appeals for mercy; when the bar itself was divided as to the righteousness of the procedure; when the evidence was reviewed by only one judge and he was condemned for grave impropriety of conduct in connection with the case. Massachusetts, said Daniel Webster, "there she is." There she is today, a target for the opprobrium of mankind. Her constituted authorities have used their constitutional powers as cold-bloodedly as ever a Roman centurion had his legal way.

We cannot deny that Governor Fuller and his advisers believe that they have done their simple duty, that they were thoroughly convinced of the guilt of these two men, that they were consciously and conscientiously virtuous in repelling foreign criticism and foreign pleas. They believe that no one else has so mastered the case; that no one else has seen so many persons connected with the crime, and no one else has heard as much testimony. They feel that the delays of years were of the prisoners' own choosing, and not the fault of the judicial system—as if anyone could be blamed for taking advantage of any loophole to escape from a single prejudiced judge! They are sure that they have possession of important facts never brought out in court; that the bulk of Massachusetts opinion is on their side and that the foreign excitement was due to the Defense Committee and its propaganda. They could not, they said, yield to threats; they could not yield to the demands of foreign ignorance deliberately misinformed. Least of all could they yield in the face of the bombing of a juror's house. It was their duty to see the law through; their duty to uphold law and order; theirs to take the pound of flesh. They did so, clothed in the righteousness of men in whose minds no single doubt as to the correctness of their procedure, or the wisdom of their decision, could come to rest.

They did so and they outraged the opinion of the foreign world, voiced thus by Ramsay MacDonald, the former Prime Minister, in England: "This whole affair is too terrible; I hope the reputation of the United States will be saved the horror of this execution." They did so, and they struck at the reputation of the whole nation. They did so and everywhere strengthened the hands of violence and of all those persons who believe that the world can be reformed only by bombs and bloodshed. Everywhere they have made peaceful men and women despair that progress may be achieved without force. They have enforced law and order and created disorder. They have upheld the majesty of the law only to bring it into contempt. They have destroyed the deterrent power of the death penalty in this case, if it ever had any. And to them this has seemed good Americanism and good statesmanship! They must have heard, as have we, of the profound concern in the Departments at Washington as to the effect of this happening upon our foreign relations; they must have heard that there they think our international relations will be clouded for twenty years by the shadow of this tragic event. At this Governor Fuller has shrugged his shoulders; the men were guilty in his eyes; the delay was no fault of his and the sentence must be carried out immediately. After seven years he was not willing to wait even a couple of months longer in the hope that those doubts, raised and re-raised by such powerful journals as the New York *Times* and *World* and the *Springfield Republican*, might be resolved. He could not wait a minute, although every hour that passed after the publication of the Lowell committee's findings and his own, only increased the feeling of doubt as to the correctness of those decisions. Individuals and newspapers that said at first: "Well, we must accept the Lowell report and the Governor's findings," swung around the more they studied these documents and demanded further study and further explanation. With every hour the contradictions of the two viewpoints became more plain and the disagreement as to facts. But the Governor could see no occasion for mercy—rather every reason for getting the case out of the way and ending the public excitement and confusion. So as we said last week, he has made it necessary to guard the American flag wherever it flies over an American public building outside of the confines of the United States.

That is perhaps the greatest tragedy of all, that the men responsible have taken this course believing in their righteousness, their justice, yet utterly unable to see that the case of the accused had long since transcended the individuals concerned and become part of the lives and cause of great classes of our citizens. They, too, require forgiveness. "They know not what they do." They have had their eyes upon the Mosaic Law. No doubt Governor Fuller could not see a single just reason why he should commute or abate the sentence. "The Governor means well," wrote to *The Nation* last week one of the noblest persons connected with the cause of these men, who has sacrificed health and means to save the good name of the State of Massachusetts. "The trouble is," the writer added, "*he cannot see.*" There lies the crux of the whole matter. He could not see that there are times when mercy is greater than justice and exalts justice. He could not feel the horror of this execution. He could not see that a wise statesman does not use to the fullest extent the power that is his when by staying the hand of the state he can soothe great masses of the public with an opportunity further to unwind the tangled skein of evidence, so differently interpreted by those who have come into the case. He could not see that commutation would make possible the doing of complete justice should later facts demand. So Massachusetts has legally murdered the fishmonger and the cobbler, vindictively and

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brutally, for all the righteousness of its Governor who cannot see.

How crass, how degrading it all is! In the year 1927 of our Christian faith a great State electrocutes two men and thinks that thereby it increases its might, its majesty, and its righteousness. It uses violence to avenge the violence with which it charged them. It convicts them of murder and then commits murder. It mumbles: "Thou shalt not kill," and then, being merely an aggregation of the individuals of whom it demands the sacredness of human life, itself flouts the very sacredness for which it pretends to stand. Thereby the Alvan T. Fullers believe that they suppress or control crime, or at least increase the safety of human life. In all the history of jurisprudence there is no record where murder has been ended by murder, however legalized, or public respect for authority increased by the State's use of its force. "It has been shown," declared as far back as 1841 a committee of the Assembly of the State of New York, "that it is a total fallacy to regard the fear of death as constituting any very powerful or effectual restraint upon the indulgence of the motives which impel men to great crimes; that it is seen to be entirely inoperative in influencing men's conduct . . ." For any one who is today deterred from future crimes by the scene in Charlestown jail, there are hundreds of thousands of hearts wrenched into bitterness and rage by this brutality of a State and by the ineradicable belief that the grossest injustice has been done. Can they ever regard the State as highly again? Can they ever believe again that it stands for justice and fair play to all men?

It avails not to say that errors occur in the administration of justice in every land. This case has gone home to people because they are tortured with doubts about the justice of the sentence of two humble men with whom they have had no personal contact whatever, whose political views they in no wise share; because the human heart is not yet so corroded that it can read of the extinction of these two men without a shock to the very roots of its belief in justice and humanity. Perhaps it was precisely for the purpose of creating this sense of moral outrage in multitudes that Alvan T. Fuller occupies the Governorship of Massachusetts. Perhaps fate intended that to millions should be brought home the utter folly of capital punishment, if only because of the terrible finality of it in a case in which new evidence has repeatedly appeared during these seven long years. Tomorrow the other three men charged with the killing who were never traced or identified may turn up; the stolen money not one cent of which was ever connected with Sacco and Vanzetti, may be discovered, and with it the solution of the crime. What then? Where then would be the Thayers and the Fullers? Convicted murderers in their turn. Who knows? It was only the other day a young girl in Kentucky cleared up her own "murder" for which Cole Dabney was then completing the seventh month of life imprisonment. That is but one case of many. The point we make is that Governor Fuller has failed utterly to satisfy editors, lawyers, doctors, college presidents and professors, judges, and men of high standing everywhere, that the case was clear, the guilt beyond dispute. When a State takes the irrevocable step under conditions like these it is idle to talk of a deterrent. It is the State that has harmed itself, that has dealt a blow to law and order. It has roused a dreadful doubt which will never be dissipated, unless by the discovery of new evidence on one side or the other, during the lifetime of multitudes now living. Rightly or wrongly, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti goes down to history with the witch hunting in Salem and, in modern times, with the execution of the anarchists in Chicago in 1886.

As for Sacco and Vanzetti, for whom life's fitful fever has now run its course, why grieve for them? Their long agony is over and they were philosophers and students of history enough to know that their sacrifice was worth more to the rationalizing of human life than would have been their release and their return to comparative obscurity. John Brown wrote just before his execution that he was "worth infinitely more to hang than for any other purpose." He spoke more truly than a Tory Southern colonel who, standing at the foot of the scaffold, looked at Brown's dangling body and said: "So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All such foes of the human race!"—two years later he was doing his best to destroy the Union. The very act which blots out the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti insures their eternity in any social history of the United States. The mere threat of their deaths produced an amazing international solidarity. When before have multitudes awaited with grief and rage in the Argentine, Japan, Jugoslavia, Italy, all over the world, news of the execution of two American "highwaymen"? When before did the second largest political party in Great Britain officially throw itself into the breach in an endeavor to save the lives of two "criminals"?

Whatever else may be said of Sacco and Vanzetti there can be no doubt that the souls of these two men grew and broadened and gained in knowledge and strength while they were behind the bars. When men face death many things are made clear to them; many scales drop from their eyes. We defy anyone to read Vanzetti's address to the court or Sacco's farewell to his son, and say that these were written by bloodstained hands. Alvan T. Fuller to save his life could pen no words like these. But assuming they were guilty then here in all truth is complete proof of the possibility of the uplifting and redemption of the vilest wrongdoers. Vanzetti's extraordinary utterances have led many besides Heywood Broun to characterize him as one of the great men of the day. In the circle of those close to Governor Fuller we have heard words of profound admiration for Sacco, for his courage, and his consistency, and the wish that he could be known better and his mind enjoyed. And these men the world is asked to believe were cowardly assassins and robbers, these men who led blameless lives until they are said to have appeared with three confederates—never traced—in a Buick car—never traced—to steal $16,000—never traced—in what police officials declared to be the manner of professional criminals.

No, they may swallow this who will. To it we cannot bring our minds or our consciences. But innocent or guilty these men made their mark. Their bearing in the face of death, their shining courage, their resignation, the range of their spirits—these are deathless things, and somehow or other the memory of them goes on in the hearts of men. No one can say what it all means or foretell where this case will end. But this is clear: This legal murder in Boston will profoundly and adversely affect the international relations of the United States, and its moral standing throughout the world for at least a decade to come. Massachusetts has triumphantly killed an Italian fishmonger and an Italian cobbler, but she has blackened the name of the United States across all the seas.

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Chiang Kai-shek Passes On

WE greet the retirement of Chiang Kai-shek after four months as head of his Nanking Nationalist government. Chiang was probably better than most Chinese military leaders in that he did not loot the countryside occupied by his troops and he paid his soldiers most of the time. It is probable also that he went into retirement a relatively poor man although he had unusual opportunities to make a personal fortune. For all these things Chiang Kai-shek will receive due credit at the hands of historians, but for the time being we cannot forget that he destroyed the unity of the Chinese Nationalist movement at the most critical moment of its advance toward Peking.

Chiang won the support of a large part of the foreign press because he seemed the lesser of two evils. His attack on the Hankow regime as Communist was accepted without analysis as true by most of the enemies of Chinese Nationalism and by a great many loyal members of the Kuomintang. He convinced a large part of the world that he was the rightful heir to the Kuomintang authority and that the Hankow regime represented a few disgruntled and violent Communists. How false that charge was can be seen by a checking up of the men who actually supported the Nanking government.

Chiang Kai-shek, even at the height of his authority, did not have the allegiance of one-third of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang elected in 1925. This committee is the only legally elected committee which had authority in the Nationalist movement and Chiang recognized it until he chose to break with Hankow last spring. Of the thirty-six members of that committee not more than ten supported Chiang while the rest were more or less loyal to Hankow. Among the group supporting Hankow were most of the popular Kuomintang leaders who had survived in the Canton regime, including Wang Ching-wei, Eugene Chen, Sun Fo, and Mrs. Sun Yat-sen.

The fall of Chiang Kai-shek was due partly to military reverses at the hands of Sun Chuan-fang, partly to the opposition of Shanghai business men to his taxation program, and partly to the constant propaganda against him within his own ranks. We are inclined to believe that propaganda played the most important part because Chiang's own subordinates deserted him before the end had come. The teaching of the Kuomintang against government by military dictators made inroads into Chiang's armies during the summer in spite of his strenuous efforts to divert attention by shouting "Down with Communists." Shanghai, bled white by the financial demands of Sun Chuan-fang before his retirement, did not yield to Chiang Kai-shek the revenue that he had hoped for. Even his reorganized labor unions in Shanghai which smacked of Fascist ideology would not stay put.

Chiang's removal, with the simultaneous withdrawal of the Communists from the Hankow government, makes possible the reunion of the two wings of Chinese Nationalism. If that reunion occurs it will undoubtedly be the Hankow regime which will emerge with the most authority. The immediate result of the collapse of the Nanking regime has been the strengthening of the northern forces in their attack upon Shanghai and Nanking, but the ultimate unification of the Nationalist forces will probably more than outbalance that temporary loss of ground.

Warrior Wells and Battling Belloc

IT is not often in these days of literary good manners—when, if one author hates another, he keeps that hatred to himself or expresses it darkly to his friends—it is not often that we are treated to the blazing spectacle of a prize ring wherein two champions slug it out. In older days, when the literary world was smaller than it is now and when readers could be counted on for knowledge of both the contestants in a quarrel, and there were no libel laws, the thing happened pretty frequently. Ben Jonson had his Marston, Milton his Salmasius, Dryden his Shadwell, Pope his Tibbald, Byron his Southey, and for that matter Butler his Darwin. But nowadays we have to get along with examples of polite dismissal or pale sarcasm; most of us, doubtless, suppose that the age of enmity is over and that authors, generally speaking, love one another.

It is not so. Look at Hilaire Belloc and H. G. Wells, who have been battering each other in public ever since Mr. Wells published last year his illustrated, revised edition of "The Outline of History." Mr. Belloc, who presumably had been lying in wait, rushed forward with "A Companion to H. G. Wells's 'Outline of History'" (it can be procured, along with the other documents in the case, from the Ecclesiastical Supply Association in San Francisco), in which he designed to "point out the principal popular errors, most of them now out of date, which its author has repeated." The "Outline," said Mr. Belloc, was of course "ephemeral," "necessarily short-lived," and "a thing of passing fashion." But it had widely disseminated certain fundamental errors, and "to check erroneous statement is always worth while." So he proceeded, after a dissection of Mr. Wells which revealed him as a busy little provincial of the London suburbs who hadn't a ghost of a notion how to treat subjects he had never heard his neighbors discuss, to show that the "Outline" erred ridiculously in relegating the Catholic Church to a minor role in the story of the hemispheres—"for," said Mr. Belloc, "the foundation and career of the Catholic Church is the chief event in the history of mankind." Mr. Wells had slighted Christian doctrine whenever possible; he had used Buddhism as a stick to beat the Christian; he had insulted the priesthood, the doctrines of the creation, the fall, and the incarnation, and the very origins of religion itself by dragging in a lot of very old-fashioned biological and geological evidence. Mr. Belloc insisted many times that Mr. Wells's science was really not up to the minute—though why that mattered he did not say.

Mr. Wells, countering with a pamphlet called "Mr Belloc Objects to 'The Outline of History,'" took the best possible line in his preface. He was not a controversialist he said. "For years I have failed to respond to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who long ago invented a set of opinions for me and invited me to defend them with an enviable persistence and vigor." But Mr. Belloc had been so offensive that he must be answered. And so Mr. Wells, beginning calmly enough, went on to call his adversary "densely ignorant," "an adept in stale gossip," "a stout fellow in a funk," and a pretender to scholarship. Why!—"he is no more scholar than I am."

Nothing has been proved except that both men are hard hitters. Pacifists though we are, we enjoy the fight.

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SHADE OF BORGIA (reading Sacco-Vanzetti Case): *And I never thought of that!*

Drawn by Hendrik Willem van Loon

Torture Up to Date

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The Armours Betray the Farmers

By FREDERICK BOSELLY

FIFTEEN years ago a new Messiah appeared on the agricultural horizon in the person of Aaron Sapiro, a young Chicago lawyer who had made a study of cooperative marketing. He visited western Canada and was instrumental in organizing the Canadian cooperative wheat producers, the largest grain-marketing organization in the world.

Sapiro had one idea—that the producer, instead of wailing at his helplessness in the grip of the wholesaler, should organize, abandon the practise of "dumping" the whole crop on the market within a few weeks, and, by scientific cooperative marketing, obtain the full value of his products.

Sapiro is a man of intense personal magnetism. He is an orator. He is a Jew. He is after money for himself as well as his client, the farmer. His weak point was that he had no political possibilities. He asked for no government intervention. No agrarian vote-getter could ride to the title of a statesman on Sapiro's plans. So Sapiro has been consistently attacked. Because he is an orator he has been called a demagogue. Because he is a Jew he has been attacked by anti-Semitic papers, notably Henry Ford's Dearborn *Independent*.* Because he sought compensation for himself he has been called a fishy-blooded money-grabber out to exploit the farmer.

Five years ago Sapiro appeared as a menace to the grain interests in Chicago. He had been scoring consistent successes in the Middle Western States, and the grain men were worried. At one time he was in negotiation with the American Farm Bureau Federation, which is the closest to a national organization possessed by the farmers. A rift appeared, and Sapiro and the Farm Bureau Federation parted company. But the idea had been sown and the farmers continued to cry for cooperative marketing.

At the same time the terminal-elevator, or wholesale-grain business, was in rather poor shape. The biggest company in the Chicago area was the Armour Grain Company, 87½ per cent of which was owned by the same money which controlled the Armour Packing Company, despite the virtuous statements recently made by the packing concern that it had nothing to do with the grain company. There were also E. F. Rosenbaum and Brothers and the Shaffer Grain Company, the latter owned by John C. Shaffer, publisher of the Chicago *Evening Post* and several Indiana newspapers.

According to men in the grain business, the officers of the Armour and Rosenbaum grain concerns saw eventual ruin in the rising tide of cooperative marketing, for the Sapiro plans included terminal elevators owned and controlled by the farmers. So they got together and someone, supposedly E. F. ("Manny") Rosenbaum, mapped out a plan which went something like this:

"The farmers have got the cooperative bug. It's going to break us. Why not organize a farmers' cooperative marketing concern, and sell to the farmers our elevators before they build warehouses of their own. We know that the farmers will never pay large enough salaries to get the brains necessary to handle such a monstrous corporation and eventually the company will fail. The cooperative idea will die, and we'll get our elevators back."

In December, 1925, it became known that three monster grain corporations, always bent toward "service," had heard the cry of the farmer and were ready to sell their terminal elevators and marketing organizations to a cooperative company, to be organized by the American Farm Bureau Federation, for approximately $20,000,000. So generous had the grain men become that the farmers were not even to be forced to finance the undertaking. They would be placed in charge and would be allowed several years in which to pay gradually for the elevators. Meanwhile the grain men would remain in an advisory capacity as a board of management while the farm representatives learned the business and while the American Farm Bureau Federation, through its local organization, sold $5,000,000 in stock to its members.

The Grain Marketing Company became a reality. By the end of 1925 it was working. The elevators had been formally appraised and turned over to the farmers. At last it appeared that cooperative marketing on a giant scale had established itself. The press was enthusiastic in approval of the far-sighted farm leaders, and the unselfish grain men who had helped them toward the realization of their dream. Only the elevators of the Armour Grain Company and the Rosenbaums were taken over. Mr. Shaffer had dropped out.

Then came tales that the stock in the Grain Marketing Corporation was not being subscribed to by the farmers. Gray Silver, tall, forceful, a former president of the National Farm Bureau Federation and now their representative at Washington, had been chosen president of the Grain Marketing Company. He called committee meetings. He listened to threats of the vendors of the elevators and tried to thrash his organization into action before the whole scheme should fall and the farmers' great chance should be past. On the witness-stand at the legislative investigation he told his story and almost broke down and wept as he described how the farmers had been offered what he regarded as the chance of a century and had ignored it.

"I don't know," was his stock answer when he was asked details of the management which he should have known—but the truth of his reply was never doubted by anyone who looked at Silver's puzzled face and eyes.

Then came more conferences and an unexplained decision that the Grain Marketing Company had failed, and was to be disbanded. The decision was strictly within the agreement. The farmers had failed to sell the required amount of stock in the agreed time, but no extension was sought or offered. The board of managers, composed of the vendors, knew a reason for parting company, for they could not agree among themselves, but this was not made public then.

Following the demise of the Grain Marketing Company and the return of the terminal elevators to the Armour Grain Company and the Rosenbaums it became known that these two companies were involved in litigation. Eight months ago the financial district of Chicago was startled to learn that Frederick K. Brown, who had been appointed arbitrator, had awarded to E. F. Rosenbaum and Brothers a judgment of $1,300,000 against the Armour Grain Company

* Sapiro brought suit against Ford for $1,000,000, but after the automobile maker's change of front in regard to the Jews it was announced that the action would be dropped.—EDITOR, *The Nation*.

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Rumors were heard that the judgment was largely because of falsely graded grain—fake wheat—which had been turned over to the Grain Marketing Company by the Armours.

The rumors grew, and after months of agitation, Governor Small of Illinois appointed a legislative committee headed by Representative Thomas Curran of Chicago to investigate. Curran, a former saloon keeper, is chairman of the House Finance Committee and is considered the governor's right-hand man in his faction of the party.

At the investigation George Thompson, former elevator superintendent for the Armour Grain Company, admitted that, after conferring with George E. Marcy, president of the company, he had instructed men at the Armour's Northwestern Elevator to raise the grades on nearly one million bushels of almost worthless "feed wheat" and label it as high-grade milling wheat, worth approximately $1 a bushel more. The work of changing the grades was carried out by Frank Cromby, superintendent of the elevator, and Thompson, who changed the boards at night without the knowledge of the other employees. This changing of grades was done just before the Armour elevator and its contents were appraised and turned over to the Grain Marketing Company. It was so brazenly done that Thompson admitted that he had been accused of taking damaged grains from the sampling boxes of the Chicago Board of Trade samplers.

Thus feed wheat, worth about twenty cents a bushel, was shipped by the Grain Marketing Company to Buffalo as milling wheat worth $1.50, and was refused when it was delivered. The Grain Marketing Company had been disbanded before the claims were adjusted, and no attempt was made to saddle the losses on the farmers who had invested in the company. Every dollar paid in for stock was refunded, and the necessary adjustment was made between the Armours and the Rosenbaums. But the crooked wheat deal is conceded by grain men to have brought about the quick ending of the farmers' dream company.

Shortly after the legislative investigation the Armour Grain Company was suspended from the Chicago Board of Trade, and members of the Armour packing family, denying any knowledge of the actions of their subordinates, announced that the grain company was to be disbanded.

And the result of the investigation? For a time it looked as if a sincere attempt was to be made to clear up dishonest practises at the Chicago Board of Trade. The committee itself said that was its intention, and its efforts became even more serious when State Senator Harold E. Kessinger, the Arthur Capper of Illinois, paid a hurried visit to Springfield and demanded that he be allowed to sit as the farmer's representative on an investigation that primarily affected the agriculturalists.

Kessinger sat on the inquiry board. By his questions he aimed to get to the bottom of the cooperative marketing situation. Arthur Cutten, the nation's most spectacular grain speculator, was called and testified that the present regulation which allows elevators to trade in the market was vicious and did not give the buyer of grain a fair deal.

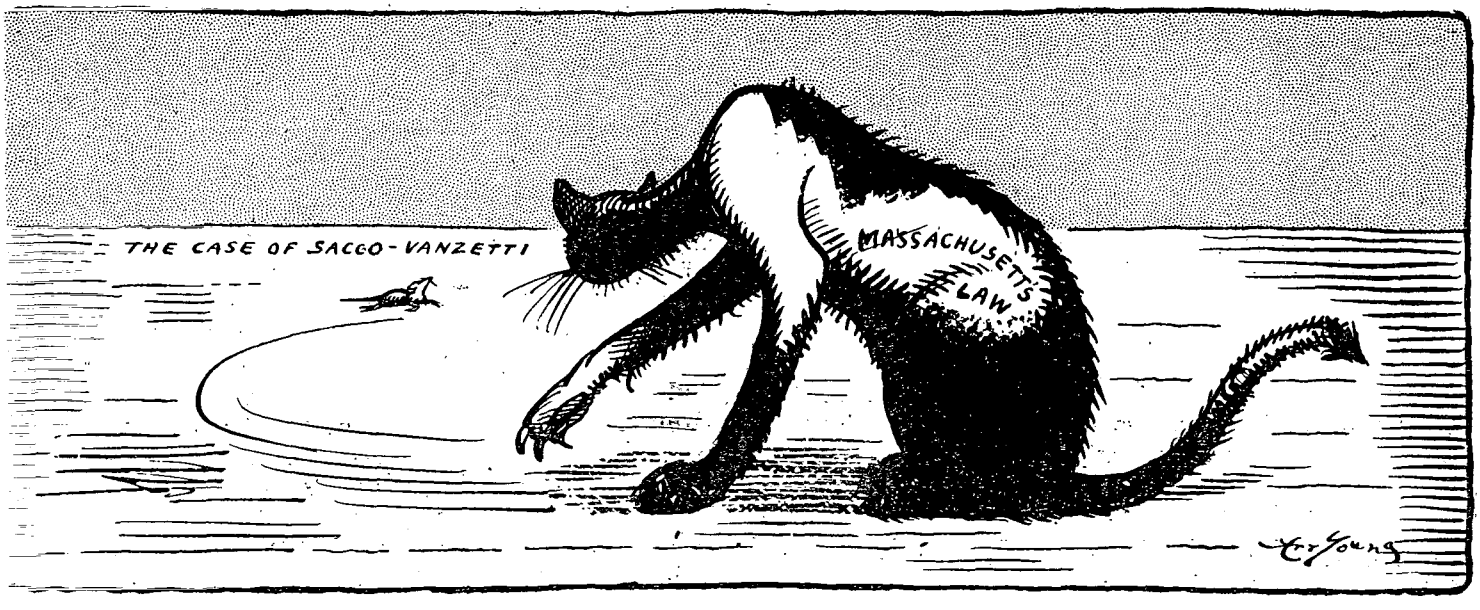
But it was the same Kessinger who prevented any real action from coming of the investigation. Anxious to make a name for himself, he rushed down to the State Senate and introduced his own grain-futures-trading-regulation bill before the Curran investigating committee had been given a chance to bring its findings before the General Assembly.

The result of Kessinger's bill was pandemonium on the Board of Trade. Officials claimed that its provision, which would have forced the daily reporting of all deals, would ruin futures-trading, and the bill was abandoned until July 1 when it and the Curran bills were tabled for lack of time.

Then came the cry that Congress should introduce a federal measure to regulate futures-trading and nullify the boast of the grain operators that they would merely move to another State if the Kessinger bill were passed. That possibility alone remains out of all the investigation, and even if Congress did act, grain trading could be carried on in Winnipeg and Liverpool by American speculators.

A feature of the grain investigation had been the testimony of Emanuel Rosenbaum. All through a long grilling he had affirmed his belief in cooperative marketing and declared that he had traveled the whole world over, including Russia, and had decided it was the only salvation for the American farmer. He said that, whatever the sacrifice, he would be willing to offer his elevators again to the farmers. His testimony was received with approval by the officials of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Now the Rosenbaums have acquired the elevators of the defunct Armour Grain Company; the wreckage of the Grain Marketing Company has been cleared away. Emanuel Rosenbaum has announced that his new company will deal directly with the farmers. The stage is set for the next act.



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Hankow Swings to the Right

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Hankow, July 13

HANKOW is an island of civil power in a sea of militarism. The government which has been established here by the Kuomintang is completely surrounded by hostile and semi-hostile forces. Along the river front by the Bund are the twenty-three war ships of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. To the west in Szechwan, Yang Sen and his bandit troops are temporarily driven back but not pacified. To the east Chiang Kai-shek * holds Shanghai, Nanking, and much of Anhwei and Chekiang provinces. To the south Canton, cradle of the revolution, gives nominal allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek. To the north is Feng Yu-hsiang, the world's most doubtful friend—and beyond him Chang Tso-lin.

Most ominous of all is the rising tide of military control within the Hankow government. Two weeks ago there was every indication that the civil government here was firmly in the saddle, but every day has increased the evidence that the military chieftains who serve the Hankow regime are taking power into their own hands.

Borodin who receives us in his rooms across from the Foreign Office is pessimistic. He is a stately, magnetic man with a deep, vibrant voice, one of the most impressive figures in Far Eastern politics. He speaks of the Chinese revolution sadly; no enemy of Hankow could be more gloomy as to the prospects of any approach to Communism in China in the near future.

"Will the Hankow government resist the encroaching waves of military control?" we ask.

"I thought so a while ago. That is not to say I think so," he replies. The militarism which he fears is within and not without the Hankow regime. Neither Feng Yu-hsiang nor Chiang Kai-shek, he thinks, can afford to attack Hankow directly while so many popular leaders of the Kuomintang are still here.

Since the split in the Nationalist movement on April 12, when Chiang Kai-shek definitely denounced Hankow, the officers of this government have been fighting a desperate battle to maintain themselves first as a military power and second as a civil government true to the principles of the Kuomintang. They hoped to continue the drive to Peking, patching up a temporary peace with Chiang Kai-shek until the goal of their ambitions had been realized and turning over to a Peking congress of the party the whole question of future control. Then came the great disaster in Hunan.

The complete story of Hunan cannot yet be told because it is still impossible for foreign journalists to penetrate into the back country around and to the south of Changsha, where the struggle was staged between revolutionary peasants and returned soldiers. But the main outline of the story is apparent.

Hunan, the great agricultural province in central China lying south of Hankow, has come under Communist influence more than any other section of China. The Hunanese have the reputation of being quick-tempered and hot-blooded; they welcomed the northward advance of the Cantonese and the most extreme parts of the Kuomintang program. They established peasant unions and fought the "bad gentry." The program of the peasant unions under the Kuomintang does not call for nationalization or general seizure of the land, but it allows the union to seize the land of reactionary officials who oppose the Nationalist movement and to use the land for the benefit of the union. The power is not clearly defined. It might apply to the land of rich peasants who opposed the peasant's union. It proved to be a most dangerous weapon in the hands of men not trained to leadership.

No sooner had the Nationalist army with large sections of Hunanese troops swept northward than guerilla warfare broke out in many Hunan villages between the gentry and more conservative peasants on the one hand and the revolutionary peasants' unions. Bandits and scoundrels took possession of the unions in a number of places and used their power for theft and personal revenge. The unions had the very bad taste to seize the land of a number of officers in the revolutionary army who belonged to the gentry class.

The reaction was immediate. The reports of seizure of soldiers' land soon found their way to the army. A unit was rushed from Hunan and a general massacre of the leaders of the peasants' unions took place in many villages. General Tang Sheng-chi, who after the defection of Chiang Kai-shek was the most important military leader of the Hankow regime, came back from Hunan and took personal command of the Hunan situation. His report to the Hankow government approved with a few minor reprimands the attacks upon the radical peasants. The peasant unions were disbanded and told to reorganize. The Hankow leaders saw their most advanced section pass from civil to military control. They approved the new policy by official vote and the Communist Minister of Agriculture took an indefinite leave of absence on account of "ill health."

It was charged that the excesses committed by the peasants' union in Hunan were part of a deliberate plot by Communists to exceed the limits of the Kuomintang land program. General Tang Sheng-chi, commander of Hunan, does not accuse the Communists of bad faith. "The Changsha incident, "he says, "was entirely due to the lack of able leaders in the peasant and labor movements." Wang Ching-wei assured us that there was definite proof that Communists in Hunan tried to carry out a Communist program in addition to the Kuomintang program in violation of their pledge to stay within the limits set by the party. Wang Ching-wei is the real head of the Hankow government, the chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, and a man whose close association with the Communists gives his criticism double weight. Borodin admits that there were many peasant excesses in Hunan, but he emphasizes the fact that the soldiers and officers of the gentry class turned upon the revolution because they were unwilling to lose the special privilege belonging to their families.

Whatever may be the proportion of Communist betrayal and military reaction in the Hunan debacle it appears that the Hankow regime cannot count upon the loyalty of it

* This article was, of course, written before the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek, referred to in the editorial in this week's issue.—EDITOR, *The Nation*.

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revolutionary armies when the economic interests of those armies are injured. The army of the Chinese Nationalists differs from the workers' and peasants' army of the Russian revolution in solidarity and social outlook. "It is clear," says Wang Ching-wei, "that the revolutionary troops do not necessarily come from the revolutionary masses. This has resulted in a situation in which when the commander is revolutionary his troops will also be revolutionary, and when the commander turns against the revolution, his troops will do likewise." Many of the Nationalist troops have passed from this stage of personal loyalty to strong party allegiance under the powerful campaign of education in Kuomintang ideals carried on in the army by the political department, but enough of the army remains subject to personal domination to make the future of the Hankow government most uncertain.

The foreign press has consistently described the Hankow regime as "Communist" because of three factors: its retention of Russian Communist advisers, the Communist leadership of the labor unions, and the activities of the peasants' union in Hunan. We have already indicated that the campaign of the peasants' unions in Hunan was repudiated by the Hankow government.

The evidence available here seems to indicate that the Hankow government is no more Communistic than the Nationalist movement was before the split with Chiang Kai-shek; in fact there is every indication that government and labor policy has moved steadily to the right for the last three months. The split with Chiang Kai-shek has given an opportunity to isolate Hankow as a target of vituperation and to blame upon its "Communist influence" all the excesses which are inevitable in civil war or revolution. The Kuomintang has consistently and openly cooperated with Soviet Russia and the Communists since 1924, when Dr. Sun Yat-sen advocated such cooperation, but it was specified from the beginning of the party's relationship to the Communists that the Communists must pledge their allegiance to the Kuomintang program and work within the limits of that program as long as they were in association with the party. Outside of Hunan there does not seem to be proof that the Communists violated their pledge.

Borodin has continued to hold large personal power as adviser to the Hankow government because of his grasp of the situation, but he has no vote in party decisions and the Kuomintang is under no obligation to accept his opinions. Not more than six of the twenty-five living members of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang elected at the last official election who are loyal to the Hankow regime are members of the Communist Party. Probably by the time this is in print Borodin and his advisers will have left Hankow and the Kuomintang will have broken definitely with the Communist Party of China. All signs point in that direction.

In the conduct of the labor unions the Communists have taken a leading role, placing many Communist leaders in strategic positions and securing a Communist as Minister of Labor. At the Pan-Pacific Labor Conference here they imported every glittering and explosive phrase of left-wing vituperation, including the familiar denunciations of right-wing labor and Socialist leaders of Europe and America. They particularly warned the Chinese workers against any suggestions of help from foreign labor movements that were not of the approved color.

The influence of the Communists is also apparent in many of the practices and policies of the local unions. The literature and posters show the mark of Russian advice. But the actual policies of these unions in the past three months have been far from Communistic. They do not advocate the socialization of all or even of most industry. After the first flurry of bitter opposition to British and Japanese employers and to the former henchmen of Wu Pei Fu they settled down to a policy of improving their conditions within the capitalist structure. Their increases of wages, while nominally large, have been more than cancelled by the increase in the cost of living and by the fluctuations in local currency. They have not accomplished a revolution and their program does not call for a Communist revolution.

The Kuomintang economic program follows the vague Third Principle of Peoples' Livelihood advanced by Sun Yat-sen. It is interpreted as meaning a tax on unearned increment of the land and government land banks, as far as the peasants are concerned. It might be interpreted as something more revolutionary, although everyone knows that Dr. Sun was not a Communist. For a time last spring the Hankow government considered seriously a thoroughgoing redistribution of the land under a new law, but the project was voted down by the Central Executive Committee. Since the Hunan debacle the leaders are positive in declaring for a conservative land policy.

For many weeks the labor pickets of Hankow and vicinity were armed and carried out the instructions of the unions without benefit of police. They were regarded by the government as a kind of special police and when in the last week of June objections to their activities arose among military leaders the pickets voluntarily surrendered their arms and declared their satisfaction with ordinary police protection for the labor movement.

One by one the Communist leaders have been slipping out of town during the last week. Sou Cheu-ging, Communist Minister of Labor, has resigned. Teng Yen-tat, director of the political department of the army, said in resigning: "If the Kuomintang has no intention of recognizing the peasant and labor policy and the question of the distribution of the land, the result will be that the party will be deprived of all its revolutionary significance. The consequence will be that the revolution will be a failure as it was in 1911."

The leader of the Houseboys' Union came in great fright to a friend yesterday and asked for help in getting out of town on a British steamer. He feared a massacre of radical leaders if some section of the troops should turn upon "the Communists." The British would not allow him to leave on their ships because he was already blacklisted as undesirable. Last night the Amah's Union, formerly many hundred strong, met in a nervous little meeting of twenty-five. There was almost a panic when the lights went out for a moment.

Although a coup d'etat is possible at any moment the government manages to avoid the appearance of panic. It is manned by stout-hearted veterans of Chinese revolution who were well aware of the risks when they undertook the northern campaign. In spite of the almost insuperable obstacles they have achieved the nearest approach to a responsible and progressive government that China has had. Their offices and ministries are well ordered; their leaders inspire profound respect. Their defeat would be a serious blow at the future of the labor movement and of civil government in China.

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Should Men Be Protected?

By LORINE PRUETTE

WHEN Galatea grew weary of the fatuous and somewhat repetitious adoration of Pygmalion she stepped gravely and determinedly down off the pedestal on which he had placed her. In stepping down, with a certain malicious inadvertence she collided with the sculptor so that he fell down a long flight of stairs. Then with the bland determination to erect a new statue upon the deserted pedestal, Galatea took up the chisel. She thought she might make it a glorification of Galatea, with several orphan children clinging to her skirts and an angelic light shining upon her brow, which should be chiseled very smooth for the purpose of reflecting this angelic light. If she left this glorification behind to represent her she thought she might be able to slip down into the world of men and be as vulgar as she liked. By and by she thought she might turn her attention to Pygmalion, still nursing his broken head on the lowest step; she felt she could make quite an entertaining statue to represent him, but as this seemed not at all pressing she went away on business of her own, forgetting even to inquire about his wounds. She did not know that by stepping off the pedestal she had already made a different and indeed pathetic creature of the great Pygmalion.

This is the correct version of what happened between Pygmalion and Galatea, and any other account is to be regarded with suspicion if not actual disrespect.

If it is true that man once shaped woman to be the creature of his desires and needs, then it is true that woman is now remodeling man. If it is true that this was once a man-made world, then it is a certain fact that the world is now fast becoming woman-made. But of course the world is neither man- nor woman-made. In every intimate relation there is constantly going on an exchange which we must call mental, psychic, or emotional because we do not know how to classify it in physiological—or chemical—terms. A psychology is growing up which puts the emphasis upon the interaction between two bodies, rather than on the nature of either body. Certain it is that for social psychology we have to recognize that no individual is a man unto himself, that the isolated human being is an impossibility, and that we are all of us products of each other.

Looking at men and women in this light it becomes absurd to speak of this man-made world, ridiculous to say that women are what men have made them, and a childish superstition to hold that the two sexes are concrete entities, one of which is capable of kicking the other about like a football. We may be sure that whenever men were influencing women, women were likewise shaping men. The joint life of men and women does not illustrate "linear social behavior" but "circular social behavior." However, while from the strictly scientific viewpoint men never determined the personality of women, there have been periods when one or the other sex has appeared to wield a predominant influence. For some time now women in this country have been wielding such an influence. The much derided American husband is the result.

American women under fifty may be divided into three groups: (1) those who struggled for independence of action, who have against legal and social disqualifications fought their way into positions of importance, who bore the brunt of the fight begun before their day and who will never quite lose their bitterness toward men; (2) a younger group which know less bitterness because it has known less of the struggle, and (3) a still younger group that is quite frankly amazed at all the feministic pother and likely to be quickly bored when the subject comes up. The college students of today belong of course in the third group, as almost any teacher from groups one and two will unwillingly testify. For these feminism can never be a burning issue; very likely their daughters will come to discuss the serious problem of masculinism and the enslavement of men and will hold heated debates over the question. "Should Men Be Protected?"

In "The Fabulous Forties" a quotation appears from a writer of that period: "Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of Heaven, swaying a scepter put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper." That is a pathetic utterance, when we look at the American husband and father of today, a humble creature, blustering occasionally but knowing in his heart that power has departed from him. It is not merely that he eats the food his wife thinks is good for him, it is not simply that the clothes he wears are picked out or at least definitely supervised by a woman, it is not only that his recreations are largely chosen for him, or that he gets his religion and his culture second-hand, or even that very soon he may be taking his politics also by way of the wifely verdict; none of these quite accounts for the shorn lamb. The true enemy is within. The man has glimpsed his own amazing insignificance in the cosmic scheme. All modern industrial life is calculated to reduce a man's sense of his own importance and the home, which once served as a citadel of protection, an asylum and a refuge, a featherbed for aching limbs and an opiate for bruised self-esteem, is, with the change in women's activities and interests, simply ceasing to function.

More than this, the new attitude of aggression and initiative on the part of the women means that they are much more critical and much less soothing when husband comes home with a story of trouble at the office. Some men openly declare that they want an empty-headed wife who will restore their self-esteem by the mere circumstance of being inferior. The town-drunkard usually keeps a dog for the same purpose. But even empty-headed wives may be critical rather than admiring. Fashions in wives have changed. The "yes-woman" has gone out of the home. The husband may be, and often is, the most important single interest in his wife's life, but he is by no means the only one. If what psychoanalysis has to show about the importance of early influences is correct, this decline in the husband's position is particularly serious. The small boy is the object of at least one woman's devoted solicitude and service, and he grows into maturity secure

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in the confidence that he is supremely important to his mother. The wife who is an active business or professional woman simply has not the time to fill the maternal role; in many cases she undoubtedly lacks the desire to do so, and the social pattern no longer constrains her to act the part. Using general terms which have very little meaning psychologically, the wife is becoming less "altruistic" and more "selfish." She has her own life to live and she has won certain rights which still further diminish the importance of the husband's position.

Old theories of the sexual needs of man, the sexual coldness of woman, led to an attitude that the husband had certain rights and powers which could not be denied by any good wife. Sexual relations were thus much simplified and in the practically unlimited exercise of these functions, as she saw fit, the most insignificant husband gained for a moment power and dominance, the memory of which could help to bolster up his self-esteem on other less gratifying occasions. Further, the man could regulate his sexual life according to his individual needs with beneficent effects on his physical and mental health. Now that the old superstitions about women are breaking down and women are being recognized as equal partners in all marital relations, the situation is immensely complicated. It is entirely probable that there are definite differences, both by sex and by individual, in the rhythms of sexual activity and inactivity. In France the wife's duty toward the husband in this respect is still quite clearly recognized; in America the modern wife is likely to laugh at the idea.

In addition to losing his sexual dominance the modern man has lost financial dominance as well. Both of these losses turn not so much on the concrete situation as upon the attitude that has insidiously taken possession of the man himself. At the same time that he knows his dominion is going the woman has begun most vigorously to assert her rights to his earnings. Wages for wives is an entirely respectable idea, when applied to wives who work enough to justify wages, but this slogan is just as likely to be taken up most vigorously by the woman who does nothing in return. Wives who have no interest in the responsibility and obligation of feminism adopt with suspicious ease the patter about rights. The man is often made to feel that he has no right to expect any form of service from his wife—that would be degrading to a free woman,—but that somehow, mysteriously, he is responsible for her still hampered condition and that he can never give her enough to make up for it. The thousands of women enjoying imaginary diseases help to keep the husband in his place. He may be slightly bewildered by the logic of the whole thing, but he plods on determinedly. He is caught between the millstones of the old and the new mores. He has to live up to the old conception of the husband as provider and head of the family; he has also to live with an exponent of the view that women should be free. And if there is a child! Well, of course it is his fault that nature has not provided a better way of populating the globe. The "mother of two children" has husband down on the floor, not even daring to beg for mercy. The theory is that he can never do enough to make it up to her for what she has gone through. In proportion as the man is sensitive to the problems of others he is most easily betrayed into the clutches of this sort of woman.

A further cause for the decline of the male is the fact that his wife is so important. As wage-earners and citizens all women are still young and they have the insolence of youth. They are proud of themselves, proud of what they have won, sure of the importance of what they are doing or are going to do. They have not been in the industrial organization long enough to realize how remorseless is the system; particularly in politics women are like children, playing dolls with an absorbed futility. The young person in any position is apt to be cock-sure and valiant until difficulties threaten; then when he makes a mess of things he probably feels he should be let off the punishment. Youth believes it "will get away with it"; women still believe they can get away with it, and they still do, even with murder. The preferential treatment that belonged to the old order is still theirs, and this gives them courage. Scarcely any young girl or married woman is under the same tight pressure to earn a living as is the average man. Employers speak feelingly of the impossibility of disciplining the married woman worker.

Of course there are women who have every difficulty and every burden; women who have set up homes and have many persons dependent upon them; but these women are the exception. The modern woman, the very young modern woman who crowds the subways each day on her way to work, is secure because she can still claim the security of the old system, gay because the novelty of the new assures her that she is doing something rather remarkable. She can do everything Pygmalion can, and more.

For she can bear children. And children have to have a mother. Every new emphasis upon the importance of child-bearing and child-rearing increases the importance of the woman. There is nothing in modern civilization that does not work to her aggrandizement and that does not work against the man. Of course I am speaking of psychological values. Men still hold the big jobs and get the big rewards, but their confidence is going and for the most intelligent ones it is already gone. This self-distrustful male is going to be dominated more and more by the rising womanhood. His consciousness of his own defects is an encouragement to the woman to note her own abilities. Back and forth the ceaseless pendulum moves.

Men must worship now and then, and they cannot worship men, while women have long been skilled in worshipping themselves. They are greedy, these modern young women, and cruel, but who can blame them? Theirs is the power. If they crush out the individuality of their husbands, if they drink the sacred fount completely dry, they may only be avenging their grandmothers unaware. It is not to be expected that women will be any more chivalrous or more generous than men have been when they were in the saddle. Tyrants are made by blindness and lack of imagination. As long as Pygmalion sits dull and unprotesting on the bottom step the new owners of the world will not think much about his situation. But when his feeling of inferiority becomes so great that he must cry out, when the inevitable psychoneurotic tendencies manifest themselves in definite disorders, women will be compelled to pause and think a little. Men lost their power when they began to consider the disadvantages of being a woman; they were betrayed by their imaginations. Eventually it is to be supposed that women will follow this same cycle. When this happens Galatea may go and sit rather humbly upon the bottom step beside Pygmalion, or she may even submit to being a statue again and wait for the quickening breath of life, because Pygmalion needs it so.

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Honesty in Advertising

By RAYMOND FULLER

WHEN President Coolidge extolled the virtues of American advertising some months ago, his words were received with general applause. Thirty national advertisers, contributing to a symposium on the subject in the *Literary Digest*, enthusiastically approved the President's economic wisdom and his understanding of the true purposes of their profession. Here are a few passages from that address:

> There can be no permanent basis for advertising except representation of *the exact truth.*
>
> Advertising (rather than competition) is the life of trade.
>
> The basic function of advertising is *education* . . . it informs its readers of the existence and nature of commodities by explaining the *advantages* to be derived from their use. . . .
>
> Advertising ministers to the *spiritual side* of trade.*

The gratitude of the advertisers is not unnatural, especially in the light of another statement published not long before. Mr. W. E. Humphrey, Federal Trade Commissioner, speaking in New York, had said:

> The publication of fraudulent advertising in magazines and newspapers costs the American public about $500,000,000 annually. I can produce today magazines that in a single issue carry not less than fifty vile, dishonest, or indecent advertisements.

I determined to look further into the educative, spiritual, and exact-truth aspects of advertising. A current copy of one of the largest women's magazines, carefully checked, showed, after careful investigation, that out of 7,757 column-inches of advertising, 2,157 (or 28 per cent) were sold to advertisers making explicit or implied misstatement of fact. These advertisements represented 26 per cent of the advertisers in the issue. Another monthly (running over two million circulation) had forty-six such untruthful advertisements; another, thirty-two; another, forty. These were "the best advertising mediums" in America.

Individual notions of truth and falsity are always debatable. But if advertising were mainly designed to put forth undeniable "advantages to be derived" by the public, advertisers should be able and willing to answer any doubts about their statements. Letters were sent to thirty-five national advertisers, selected at random, asking them to give some unbiased scientific authority on which their slogans and claims were based.

Five advertisers failed to reply even to second letters, although they had been requested to substantiate such broad and obviously questionable statements as these:

> Adjusto Ray is wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness, and many other ailments. Its sunlike rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrating to the seat of the trouble, ease pain, and help to remove the cause.
>
> Armored Cord construction applies an engineering fact to the building of stronger sturdier Cooper Tires. . . . This revolutionary new construction multiplies by many times the resistant strength of the carcass . . . it thwarts the deadly elements that heretofore sent most good tires to the scrap-heap . . . [it] *eliminates interior friction.* (We asked if laboratory tests had been made which would compare these tires with those of competitors—such tests as the United States Bureau of Standards makes annually *before* the government departments buy tires.)
>
> Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely *protect* and gently *medicate* the throat tissues. . . . The cheapest *health insurance* in the world.
>
> Consolidated Clean Coal . . . invariably lowers production costs where it is used. Rich in heat-content. . . .

Liquid Albolene, claiming special value as a laxative mineral oil, sells at eight to ten times more than mineral oil is purchasable at wholesale. We inquired its special value. McKesson and Robbins did not reply. (The American Medical Association's experiments have led to the conclusion that all mineral oils are of substantially equal merit.)

Other manufacturers, however, did reply with interesting results:

Wildroot Company claimed that their hair tonic "does remove dandruff . . . dandruff soon disappears under regular treatment . . . removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair *sure* to follow dandruff . . . renews the luster and beauty." Asked to back this by medical authority, they wrote, "If you will use it you will find it to be just what we claim." The Bureau of Investigations of the American Medical Association had reported, however, specifically with regard to Wildroot: "It would seem obvious that no drug with the poisonous potentialities of arsenic should be put in a mixture and indiscriminately sold to the public." The same bureau had previously declared that Wildroot had no root or herb product in it.

The Amplion Corporation of America asserts that its cone speaker "reproduces the *entire* vocal and musical range with every precision and purity." The chief engineer, however, admitted that the word "apparently" should have been inserted before "reproduce." Asked if his department had seen to it that some such change be made, he replied that "correspondence had been sent to the sales department."

The Edison Phonograph manufacturers advertised "Music just as it emanates from the throat of the singer or instrument is captured and recreated with *absolute fidelity.* There is no distortion." Published tests of talking machines by engineers show that exact reproduction of music has yet to be attained. In answer to requests for the proof of their claims the company said, "Beauty of music is perceived through the sense of hearing and not through an inanimate device showing the relation of acoustic input to output."

Forhan was asked to show proof that "Four out of five get pyorrhoea." "Kindly call at our office and we shall be glad to let you refer to this data." I thought it unnecessary, however, to do so after examining an official tabulation made of 17,000 policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It utterly confutes the slogan, as do other examinations recorded by the Life Extension Institute. Instead of four out of five, one out of twenty is shown to be nearer the truth.

* The italics throughout are the author's.

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Do Perfect Piston Circles "seldom fail to give a thousand or more miles to the gallon of oil and add 10,000 miles to the life of cylinders, pistons, and rings?" I wanted to know what disinterested engineers said. "We have no disinterested engineers. . . . If your interest has behind it an opportunity for us to secure additional business, we will be only too glad to go into this matter in detail."

I asked "How can you justify the statement that 'The Aero B Amplopower makes possible on your radio the exact reproduction of *every* note of *every* instrument?'" Answer: "For business reasons we are unable to make public all engineering data which cost us so much to secure . . . the Amplopower must speak for itself." It does. But that all radios, despite their claims, are still far from attaining exact reproduction of every note has been proved by laboratory tests.

Asked to send the report on "Minute Brew" by Dean Sayre, director of the Kansas State Laboratory, showing that the Battle Creek Food Company has "eliminated these empyreumatic products which were known to do the harm" in caffeinless coffees, the company wrote, "The tests made by Dean Sayre proved Minute Brew to be the *least acid* of cereal beverages. . . . He requested, however, that the figures on this be confidential." But this company had declared in print: "His results are at the disposal of anyone who cares for them."

The makers of the Prophylactic Tooth Brush answered a statement by Dr. W. M. Gardner in *Hygeia* that their brush was not as well-shaped as they claimed, by asserting: "We have nothing of a scientific character to confute Dr. Gardner. The only data we have is commonsense data which is so obvious and so simple that it refutes without any argument." Yet this company has stressed the "scientific" qualities of its brush for years. In advertising it announces: "These features (the ones questioned by Dr. Gardner are there because Science says they should be."

Ivory Soap, "99 44/100 per cent pure," was admitted to contain a necessary 30 per cent water content; "99 44/100 per cent is a slogan, not a guarantee."

I asked the Three-in-One Oil company to substantiate claims that such a light oil was a practical rust-preventive. I asked about an obvious acidity corrosive to copper, brass, silver, etc. I asked other leading questions to discover (1) why it was so expensive, (2) why other common oils or greases were not just as good for the purposes mentioned. The answer was simple: "If Three-in-One was just being placed on the market and had not stood the test of a third of a century we might feel that a certified laboratory sheet was essential, but when millions of men, women . . ." "Army and navy small-arms manuals recommend it," the company advertises. But a letter from an officer in the War Department, Ordnance Division, says: "The army small-arms manuals do not recommend Three-in-One oil. The United States Army does not purchase it. Our own investigations show that Three-in-One oil has an acid reaction . . . which forms verdigris in presence of copper. . . . It is so thin it runs from surfaces and leaves spots unprotected. . . . For lubrication of small arms this department for many years has been using sperm oil." Neither the official "Blue Jacket's Manual," nor "Small Arms Firing Regulations, U. S. Navy" mention it, although recommending suitable oiling treatments.

A huge display advertisement of "Dona Castile Soap" manufactured by Armour and Company in the Middle West led me to inquire how much olive oil was in it and why "nothing else but castile soap has been found so beneficial for the skin of a woman." The company replied: "We can think of no better answer to your questions than for you to try this exquisite soap, and we are sending you . . ." The Federal Trade Commission has ordered the manufacturers to desist from using the word "castile," alleging that the company "has misled and deceived the public into believing that said soap is and has been genuine castile soap, made exclusively of olive oil . . . but which on the contrary has included vegetable oils other than olive . . . and animal fats such as tallow, in a substantial amount. . . ."

Listerine's makers, questioned about its dandruff claims, responded: "It is recommended for removal of *loose* dandruff." The following came from the American Medical Association Bureau of Investigation: "The Listerine advertising on the dandruff feature is of the same kind as the Listerine advertising for halitosis and body odors—largely buncombe."

The Sanka Coffee Corporation says its caffein-free coffee can be given freely to children. "If there are children in your family, you should use Sanka by all means. It can't hurt them; it is as harmless as milk." Literature sent in response to inquiry contained a reprint from the *Medical Journal Record*, contending that coffee should never be given to children but *not* saying that Sanka could with safety. Nowhere in other literature sent is there authority for the statements quoted above; but on the other hand a letter to me from the American Medical Association Bureau reads: "Children should have no coffee even though the caffein has been largely removed. In addition to caffein, there are certain empyreumatic oils which give coffee its aroma and flavor, and there is some evidence to indicate they affect digestion unfavorably, and therefore it is a good thing to keep off the dietary of children."

Other advertisers written to did not see fit to substantiate claims made publicly to sell their products. B. T. Babbitt was addressed about Bab-O. "You say that Bab-O is a preparation distinctly out of the class of scouring powders . . . *different* from anything else. Why is this true? Please give scientific reasons." The quite inconsequential answer was: "Because it contains *other* ingredients besides soap powder, volcanic ash, and moisture." The J. B. Williams Company replied to a request for facts showing its products were the best: "A vast accumulation of scientific data, imbedded in which are most flattering findings in connection with Williams' creams and soaps, are *not available* to the public." Ever-Ready Razor Blades are claimed to be "the perfect blade." I wrote for laboratory tests to prove this. "We regret exceedingly we cannot supply you with the information you require. We do not make public the records of our laboratory."

Of the remaining advertisers not quoted for lack of space, four have backed their printed sales-talk with probable fact; the others made no serious attempt to do so.

I submit the above survey as a fair test of the ethics and purpose of this modern art. It omits the wild exaggerations of cigarette, automobile, and cosmetic advertising; it does not go down into the lower depths of the tabloids, the snappy-story magazines, the billboards, or into direct mail advertising, almanacs, or drug store windows. It is a brief cross-section of so-called national advertising in our better-class popular magazines, and contains, it seems to me, an appalling indictment of American business honesty.

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Chicago's Symphony Orchestra

By LAWRENCE MARTIN

THE Chicago Symphony Orchestra, founded thirty-seven years ago by Theodore Thomas, is a cultural landmark not only of the Bandit City but of the nation. Nevertheless it stands disbanded as the upshot of an "industrial" dispute, and only heroic efforts will bring it back to life. Meantime in Chicago the strange spectacle presents itself of a Rajah of Jazz offering $10,000 (through his publicity agent) towards saving the orchestra, which the Orchestral Association, comprised of the pillars of local business and society, turns down, preferring rather to junk the orchestra than to give way an inch before the musicians' union or its czar.

Trouble began some three months ago when the Musicians' Federation, through its president, James C. Petrillo, demanded a 25 per cent increase in the basic salary of $80. This the Orchestral Association turned down flat. Petrillo alleged that the players were poorly paid as compared, on the one hand, to grand opera, theater, and jazz musicians, and on the other hand to players in other symphony orchestras. Figures were cited to show that the average salary of grand opera musicians was $150 a week, of theater musicians $125, and of jazz melodists $110 to $175.

To this the association officials answered that the Chicago Symphony was the best-paid orchestra in the world, and offered as proof the fact that its basic rate was $10 higher than the basic rate of either the New York or Philadelphia orchestras. The union now retorts that in these orchestras only about half a dozen men are receiving the minimum, while in the Chicago Symphony half the men are being paid at the lowest rate. Thus the arguments have gone back and forth, and only an expert accountant with the payrolls of the orchestras concerned before him could expect to reach the truth.

In the course of negotiations, about July 15 the union cut its demands in half, asking only a ten-dollar increase in the minimum rate. The answer of the association to this attempt at compromise was that no contracts would be considered except at the salaries in force. Local newspapers in their editorials stressed the fact that there had been two similar disputes in the past, that the association was in no mood for union dictation, and that the present situation was regarded as a show-down. The orchestra was disbanded for the summer, and apparently for all time.

The newspapers, as might be expected, had not been giving the musicians' federation a fair chance. The *Chicagoan*, a new sophisticated magazine of the boulevard type, an imitation of the *New Yorker*, devoted two articles in its first number to attacking the union. But with the orchestra all but killed, the dailies began to take notice. Some public-spirited citizens and music lovers made themselves heard. The feeling began to grow that the pillars of the association had been behaving like Tory diehards, and that under the shadow of fighting for a principle they were conducting a more or less personal war against the union chiefs and the union idea. Agitation developed for a public fund with which to meet the salary increase of approximately $30,000. A piano company expressed a desire to contribute; Paul Ash, Balaban and Katz's jazz demon, offered to pay $10,000 into a fund; and the *Daily News*, practically the only newspaper to concern itself with saving the orchestra, offered to donate "a substantial sum." But President Hamill and Vice-President Oakley refused to entertain the idea of accepting such contributions. They would take no offers with strings tied to them; any contributions must be made with the understanding that the association might use the funds as it saw fit; and the association would not go beyond last year's contracts. It was this irreconcilable attitude that swung the newspapers, and consequently public opinion, away from their anti-union bias. The Orchestral Association had accepted donations for special purposes, notably for pensions and scholarships. Why, therefore, should it not accept special donations for wage increases?

This naturally gives rise to the pertinent question, What *is* the Orchestral Association? Is it a private, closed corporation, or a civic organization? Who elects the members, and on what basis, and to whom are they responsible for their conduct of orchestral affairs?

"The affairs of the orchestra," one reads in a leaflet issued by the association, "are controlled by a governing body of forty men, known as the Orchestral Association. Appointment to that body is for life, and membership is considered an honorable distinction. Membership carries with it no financial obligations of any nature. The orchestra always has been distinctly a 'community affair' in Chicago, the financial burdens of its earlier years being distributed among many people, its financial support never having been regarded as the 'pet hobby' of any one rich man."

The orchestra has a deficit of about $85,000 yearly, which is met by income from three main sources: rental of the six-story building in which the hall is housed, rental of the hall, and cash endowment. The hall, situated on Michigan Avenue, Chicago's proudest thoroughfare, was built in 1904 by popular subscription, 8,500 persons contributing in amounts from 10 cents to $25,000. But for the fact that the orchestra owns its own home and draws substantial revenue therefrom, it would not be able to support itself without patronage of one sort or another.

". . . the financial burdens of its earlier years being distributed among many people." But the control of the orchestra is in the hands of respectable, solid, and substantial men who have made their mark in business and civic affairs. Among the members are three McCormicks, a couple of Ryersons, a Sprague, and Frank Lowden. These gentlemen have made many pronouncements in their time, but probably none which was expressly favorable to unionism.

In short, the Orchestral Association is a name for a class organization comprised of forty "pillars," electing each other for life, self-perpetuating, and responsible to no one but themselves. These gentlemen do not like unions; in particular they dislike the musicians' union; and in especial they detest Mr. Petrillo, the president. They started out to make this a matter of principle, a sort of vital issue between capital and labor, whether or not it led to wrecking the orchestra.

On the other hand, President Petrillo is not the most

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tactful man in the world. He does well in a dispute between a movie-house manager and a temperamental organist, but he is out of his element with the Gold Coast crowd. Between these two the symphony orchestra is beset from all directions. Press reports attempt to make something of the fact that this is a war of social strata as well as of economic principle.

The newspapers have also made capital of the allegation that the union "czar" hurled his demands out of the blue sky, and that the symphony musicians themselves were never consulted. Business Manager Voegeli of the Orchestral Association is authority for the statement that several men of the orchestra have told him so. They may have had reasons. For the purpose of this article five men were interviewed before the concert at Ravinia Park, the Gold Coast's playground. They talked when assured that no names were wanted. All said that while no direct vote was taken, the union had made inquiries among the musicians before taking the matter up. All were satisfied with the union's course.

At this writing it is not possible to prophecy with any confidence how the squabble will end. Rumor, with newspaper sanction, has it that if the association does not bend, the union will reorganize the orchestra and go ahead without the forty pillars. Substantial obstacles make this course dubious. Some days ago President Hamill made a trip to New York where he supposedly called on President Weber of the musicians' national organization—apparently with no results. Meantime the daily press has taken to the private subscription idea, and has suggested a compromise which would at the same time give the musicians what they want, and save the dignity of the life-members. The proposal is that, in the face of the association's refusal to accept donations to apply on the salary increase, a public and exterior fund be created, out of which the players will be paid. This would constitute a sort of supplementary wage ladled out to the musicians. Officially, the gentlemen of the association would know nothing about it. Technically, they will have won, for the old scale around which they rallied will remain intact. The latest report is that the association has accepted this arrangement. Thus, while the materialistic demands of practitioners of the most spiritual art will be satisfied, the dignity of the association will not be compromised—except for persons with an appreciation of the grotesque.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has often wondered if there is such a thing as a distinctly Western type of humor. He thinks there is. There is the old, old story of the cowboy who returned to town alone a day after he had started with his bride for his ranch 100 miles away. On being questioned he explained sadly that fifty miles out she had been thrown from her horse and broken a leg; and so he had to shoot her. That is typically Western.

* * * * *

ANOTHER example the Drifter found in the newspapers a while ago when he read of a Western State Senator and rancher who was always reelected, despite the fact that he was a Democrat in a Republican camp, merely because of the stories he told. One of these stories was of how a newly appointed county agent came to his ranch one day and suggested that the senator raise hogs. The senator agreed. A few months later the agent made another visit. He was dismayed at the skinny proportions of the hogs. "Well," said the rancher, "they have the run of 10,000 acres. I'll bet they're the fastest hogs in Melett County." "They need protein," said the county agent professionally. So the rancher killed a horse and fed it to them. Pretty soon he was relieved of this duty, however, because they got so they killed their own horses, and when next the agent came he found fat sleek hogs racing over the place. "Now, why don't you sell them?" he asked. "Well," came the answer, "if I ever catch 'em in town, I will."

* * * * *

AS exhibit three the Drifter offers a story that many Western youngsters have no doubt been lulled to sleep with. It is always told as the experience of the pioneer grandfather of the child listener. "Once your grandfather and your Uncle Joe went up in the hills to get wood. In them days, you know, they made harness out of calfskin, and calfskin stretches. Well, they got up in the hills and filled their wagon and started back. Just as they started the rain came down in sheets—and that harness began to stretch. The wagon wouldn't move an inch. So your grandfather and Uncle Joe got on the horses and rode 'em home and unhitched the horses and then tied the harness to the hitchin' post right out here in front of the house. It rained all night. But the next morning the sun come out hot. Then of course that harness started shrinkin'. And about noon here come that load of wood down the road. . . . Yes, sir, that was when your grandfather first come here. Now what do you think of that?" What, indeed?

* * * * *

GIVING young hitch hikers a lift, says a warning, has added materially to juvenile delinquency. "It is difficult to refuse a ride to some smiling boy or girl," it goes on, "but it is far better to disappoint a child than to become a factor in carrying it to some distant city and causing parental worry." The Drifter doubts that denying rides to youngsters would make much of a dent in Parental Worry. He agrees with the opinion of most of the younger generation that parents will have their Worry even if they have to bootleg it. But while the air is full of warnings against giving lifts the Drifter would like to add one of his own: Beware of warnings. A friend of the Drifter was driving along a lonely road one evening in a heavy rainstorm. Suddenly, ahead of him he saw a hiker evidently very wet and very tired. The driver had taken the warnings against hikers so seriously that he had added a revolver to his equipment, so he felt safe in offering the foot traveler a lift. They rode along in silence for several miles. Then the driver reached into his vest pocket for his watch. It was not there. Quickly his hand slid to his hip pocket. He stuck the revolver against his passenger's ribs. "Put that watch in my pocket," he commanded, "and get out of here." The man put the watch in his host's pocket and stepped out once more into the rain. The saddened Samaritan arrived at home much upset. But he was even more upset when he discovered his own watch on the dresser where he had left it that morning. The Drifter doesn't know what he did about it. Advertising would seem the only way out.

If the man who lost his watch on the evening of June 10 while riding in my automobile will call at my office I will return his timepiece. *No questions answered.*

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Sacco-Vanzetti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I have ever said a word against the old *Nation* of 1880-1890 I will not repeat it of the paper of this day. The issues of the last three weeks put it at the head of critical journals in the whole world, and the editorial Justice Underfoot (August 17) is the finest areopagitic utterance for justice since Garrison. WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY

West Yarmouth, Massachusetts, August 15

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to tell you of my deep appreciation of your article Justice Underfoot in the last issue of *The Nation*. It exactly expressed what I believe, and I am very grateful to have it all so well said. LOUISA CUSHING JAMES

Cotuit, Massachusetts, August 14

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to express to you my personal gratitude for your article on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in *The Nation* of the 17th. It means so much to those of us who feel so helpless in a situation of this kind to have such a ringing expression of it all put before the world.

I am in a continual state of gratitude for *The Nation*.

Penn Yan, New York, August 18 LOUISE A. ELSWORTH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concede that a Massachusetts gentleman, temporarily his Excellency, with an election impending, gave a sincere, unbiased judgment. It is unnecessary to question the integrity of the man whose blank, courteous face briefly decorated the front pages. Fuller's decision was instinctive and inevitable.

The evidence was circumstantial and irrelevant. Whether Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent was a point, but not the point in question. The issue was prominent, and the alternatives were neat: Sacco and Vanzetti killed Berardelli and Parmenter in Braintree, in 1920. Or, if they did not, if they were innocent, their judge was dangerously incompetent; the prosecution, with federal assistance, was unscrupulous and vicious; the jury all good men and moral imbeciles; and the Lowell committee guilty of unpardonable stupidity, if nothing more. And the Massachusetts legal system was a rotted, uninspiring wreck. Which is obviously inconceivable.

No, indisputably, this illiterate fish peddlar and his companion were guilty. Vanzetti sold eels, and Sacco did not believe in war. Judge Thayer was a gentleman, if sadly garrulous. And it was a most brutal murder. The Governor decides that they shall die, and leaves for Rye Beach.

The most sinister aspect of this affair is not the death of two men presumably innocent. Nor radical mass meetings in Union Square which demand editorial squeals of virtuous resentment. It is the high proportion of congratulatory telegrams sent to Governor Fuller. Apparently the death of two foreigners should gratify patriotic natives. The Governor might have saved these dangerous men; but he heroically declined, and is forthwith urged to run for the Presidency. It is a damning commentary on this nation.

Wilmington, Delaware, August 21 H. M. J.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial Justice Underfoot might be excusable if published in almost any foreign country. But sympathy such as yours for the two convicted murderers, after a painstaking review of the crime and the trial which convicted them, by men of the character of Governor Fuller and Presidents Lowell and Stratton, and a unanimous opinion of their guilt and brutality, is indefensible in any true American publication. *The Nation's* championship of the reputable weak against the oppression of the oligarchy of "big business" is always admirable. A plea for clemency, because of Judge Thayer's reported shocking indiscretions, or on account of the circumstantial nature of the evidence, which is never absolutely sure, is commendable on the part of any journal. But a strong championship of the cause of these men, such at *The Nation* is capable of delivering, only incites weak and reckless minds to violence and is most disappointing to those of your readers who are not anarchistic in thought.

Burlington, Vermont, August 12 W. T. SCOFIELD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read and re-read, not once but many times, your editorial Justice Underfoot, I must tell you at once that seldom or never have I been so moved by any writing whatever; it frightens me.

Rochester, N. Y. August 14 A. S. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article entitled Justice Underfoot and also an article from the *Springfield Republican* sent out by the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, and have been struck with the great contrast.

To a man who comes with unprejudiced mind, the *Springfield Republican* article would lead him to a leniency and compassion toward Sacco and Vanzetti while your article starting out in such an absolutely false way cannot help antagonizing him. You state they are innocent. Now there are but few people who know absolutely whether or not they are innocent, and for one would rather depend upon what the courts and jury find regarding them than upon people who write in such a cocksure manner as you do.

New York, August 17 HAROLD PEIRCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: History teaches us that there have always been Sacco-Vanzetti cases; whether in the days before autocracies masqueraded under the guise of popular democracies or whether in the days, when, content to appear what they are, the same state and church, even in dissension, were as one. Having found an interesting parallel in Voltaire's day, I hasten to communicate it to your readers' attention, for this specific case, even if it were specious (it isn't), would contain an edifying moral or two. Brandes tells that:

Jean Calas was a merchant of Toulouse, aged sixty-eight, a Protestant. His youngest son had become converted to Catholicism, and was completely estranged from his family. The eldest son, a wild, dissolute young man, committed suicide. The Catholic clergy spread a rumor among the people that the father had strangled his son out of hatred for the Romish faith, which the latter, it was said, had intended to embrace on the following day. The whole family was imprisoned. The suicide's corpse lay in state, and performed one miracle after another. The bi-centenary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Toulouse occurred at the time of the trial, and in the fanatical excitement thirteen judges, despite all proofs of innocence, and without a shadow of evidence of his guilt, condemned Calas to be broken on the wheel. The sentence was carried out, the old man protesting his innocence to the last. His children, under the pretext of a reprieve, were shut up in a monastery and forced to adopt the Catholic faith. Then Voltaire at Ferney wrote his celebrated treatise on tolerance, and moved heaven and earth to get the case tried over again. He appealed to the public opinion of the whole of Europe. He compelled the Council of State in Paris to demand the minutes of the trial from the Parliament of Toulouse. They were refused; there were delays of every kind; but in the end, after three years of unwearied fighting, Voltaire gained his point. The Toulouse sentence was declared unjust, the dead man's honor was cleared, and an indemnification paid his family.

Philadelphia, August 9 H. H. HORWITZ

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The Farmer's Future

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow a farmer to voice his protest against the conclusions drawn by Professor Tugwell in his article "What Will Become of the Farmer?" in your issue of June 15.

Professor Tugwell states that it is inevitable that fundamental changes must in the long run take place in agriculture, and he suggests two possibilities: thorough cooperation —of which however, he does not think the farmer capable; or the changing of agriculture from its independent position to one supplementary to industry with the extension of the modern industrial method of production into agriculture, so as to increase the efficiency of agricultural production.

As to the first suggestion, it seems to me that the reason why the American farmer does not succeed better in establishing cooperatives is mainly to be found in the fact that the banking trust does not want it, and that the farmer is consequently kept down to such a low level of subsistence that he has not enough strength left, political and economical, to get out of the mire. And this state of affairs will exist as long as our currency is controlled by the banking trust.

As to the other alternative, the history of agriculture shows abundantly that latifundia, for such industrialised farms would ultimately be, are never as productive as are the small freeholds and that they are very much less efficient.

Besides, what does "efficiency" mean? Most business men and many of the professors of economics understand efficiency to mean low cost of production. But does efficiency really mean that? An efficient economic system is to my mind a system which will allow each member of the community to have a safe existence, forestall famines, and grant sufficient leisure for the enjoyment of the higher pursuits of life. A glance at our industrial system shows clearly that not even our boasted industrial efficiency guarantees these three essentials of life. Quite the contrary. A system which throws on the scrap-heap men in their prime, and therefore beclouds the horizon of most men and women past their thirtieth year, is not efficient, no matter what the cost of production. But in agriculture the case would be even aggravated. If a thousand acres of wheat land could be operated with the help of modern machinery by five men working two months a year, producing 30,000 bushels of wheat, we might say indeed that the cost of production is low. If we assume that on these 1,000 acres 200 families could live happily and free of care, the picture changes completely.

If the 200 families had been living on the land first, but had been driven off because they could not find a market for their surplus products and therefore fell into debt, and their creditor, having levelled their homes, had established a wheat ranch, we would then have 200 families in want who would not be able to buy even the wheat produced on their former land, but who would live in penury without any hope of a better future. For where shall they go? Industry cannot take them, being oversupplied with men on account of the daily increase in the invention of labor-saving machinery, an ever-growing evil. The 200 families then would be a public charge living on doles with all the attending evils. As they could not be satisfied, their needs would not give employment to another set of workmen as they would if these families lived on their farms in comfort. The "low cost of production," therefore, would not only result in impoverishing the farmer; indirectly it would throw out of employment other sets of workers, because the market for goods would be restricted by that much. Where now is your efficiency?

As far as I am able to see, the main reason for the confusion of thought in the heads of our professors of economics and especially our business men lies in the fact that they do not seem to realize that however much money we may have, the world at large has never yet gotten away from the economy of exchange. There is no such a thing as a money economy. We do not buy and sell. All we do is to exchange goods by means of money. If that money is withheld, and consequently the exchange cannot take place, there is, as we have today, penury and want in the midst of plenty. All professors of economics learn at college that money has two characteristics, i. e. that it is the means of exchange and the measure of value. But they apparently do not understand, that money in itself is valueless; that what matters is not the price but the proper exchange of goods. They do not see that the gold standard is a humbug, merely designed to secure the private control of the currency, that it is a superstition kept alive in the minds of the people to enable the banker to keep his grip on the currency. Low efficiency, then, is the direct result of unsatisfied needs as a consequence of artificially restricted money circulation.

But we do not live by wheat alone. We need vegetables and fruit. Now is the large-production system for agriculture the most efficient? I believe the late Prince Kropotkin among others has given the answer to that question. And in this country it was decided decades ago, when the slave system was found unprofitable. The hired man can never replace the free farmer; neither can, for instance, large orchards or truck gardens compete in productivity with the small orchards or tracts of land of the individual owner. The reason is that a system of hired help precludes improvement. Where a hundred small owners work toward better results, a hundred minds are at work to invent new and better tools and to find out improved methods of cultivation and fertilization. But where one manager is set over an equal number of hired men, these hired men have to conform to the method in use. They have to do as they are told to; they are not interested in results but merely in wages. These facts have been proved to be true numberless times throughout the course of history, but the class system always falls back on the wage system.

To look at the farming situation without at the same time looking at the industrial situation, not only in this country but in other countries also, can lead only to false conclusions. The logical inference from industry to agriculture may be made, but psychologically the case is different. An industrialized farm system will, as we have seen, merely aggravate the industrial evil of unemployment and continue the vicious circle downward at an ever-increasing rate of speed. Industry in its own interest, therefore, had better help the farmer to stay where he is and what he is.

Parkdale, Oregon, June 23 F. WERTGEN

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERICK BOSELLY is a pseudonym.

PAUL BLANSHARD who is connected with the League for Industrial Democracy has just returned from China.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

RAYMOND FULLER is the author of "Child Labor and the Constitution."

LAWRENCE MARTIN is a resident of Chicago.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS is a New York poet and journalist.

THERESA WOLFSON is author of "The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions."

HARRY ELMER BARNES is author of "The Genesis of the World War.

GEORGE GENZMER is on the staff of the Dictionary of American Biography.

R. S. ALEXANDER is a South African journalist who knew Olive Schreiner.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN is director of the Children's Play Village of Philadelphia.

HENRIETTA STRAUS, *The Nation's* music critic, is making a tour of the European music festivals.

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Books and Music

The Gulls Know Best

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

They overhung our diligence until
The tide began to push us back, and then
The beach was theirs, freely to take their fill
Of what we would not give the sea again.
It was a curious thing to note how well
Necessity had fitted them to wrest
The savory morsel from the stubborn shell;
And as I watched I thought: The gulls know best.

They are the shrewder salvagers who let
Our spade precede them, who despise our shift
Of building driftwood fires. Their beaks are set
On quicker feasts, whetted on wiser thrift.
These broken shells dropped where the surf heaves in
Among the rocks tell where the gulls have been.

Vera Figner

The Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Vera Figner. International Publishers. $3.

THIS is an age of memoirs and though the market is flooded with uninteresting autobiographies, occasionally a soul rises out of the mediocrity, a beautiful, clear, many-faceted soul born out of the chaos and the turbulence of a social movement. Such a soul was Vera Figner—such a movement was the terrorist movement of Russia in 1870, of which she was a leading spirit.

Coming to the political movement at the age of twenty-three, Vera Figner was already equipped with a medical education. She became a member of the Will of the People, a revolutionary Socialist organization carrying on educational and political propaganda among the peasants. In accordance with their policy she was sent "to the people." Turgenev has immortalized those thousands of young men and women who gave up their middle-class homes, their intellectual lives, and buried themselves in isolated, lonely Russian villages for the sake of educating peasants. The young Vera's description of her life among the peasants, their increasing confidence in her, and the growing antagonism of the village priests and police, is given with exquisite simplicity and naivete.

As she weaves her story, the book becomes a remarkable document concerning the psychological and social background which made possible the Russian revolution ten years ago. The political evolution of the country proceeded from the peculiar social and spiritual forces let loose by the thousands of men and women eager to overthrow the despotic monarchy and finding in their revolutionary activities the highest type of self-expression. Life was cheap. Hosts of Russia's intellectuals marched to the gallows or certain death in prison with a song or a challenge upon their lips. It was the era of the individual. The terrorist movement had a socialist philosophy but it functioned through the annihilation of individuals. There was no political mass movement, no general strike of protest. The leaders of the Will of the People could only hope to startle the apathetic masses in Russia and the mildly concerned world outside by throwing bombs or shooting Czars. When the masses were awakened then they hoped to carry on the constructive plans for the new social order. In a highly integrated and self-conscious country, or even in an industrial country, such activities would be doomed to failure. Vera Figner, doubting the results of the terrorist activities of her comrades and herself, nevertheless could see no other course of action for Russian revolutionists at that stage of their country's development.

The stories of these activities are as pathetic in their victories as in their failures. There is the incident of the two revolutionists who opened a cheese shop on a main thoroughfare in Petrograd from which they laboriously dug a tunnel to the middle of the street on which the Czar was wont to pass. It was their plan to blow him up. After a year of tiring and heartrending digging, the bomb failed to explode at the appointed time. The revolutionists were caught and shot. There is another story of Solovyev who was appointed to fire at the Czar as he passed from the station, in an effort to secure some special privileges for the peasants. His elbow was accidently pushed by a bowing peasant in the crowd. The bullet went astray and Solovyev was caught and hung.

There is the story of Vera Figner's twenty years in prison—an extraordinary tale of one who entered prison a young woman, together with some sixty other comrades. As the years dragged by her fellow prisoners committed suicide, went insane, or died from tuberculosis. She lived on, weaving for herself and her friends a new life out of the gossamer threads of prison privileges. They lived through a thousand spiritual deaths and resurrections. Life came to them anew when the first prison code of tapping was evolved; when the first foot of land in the prison yard was given to them to cultivate; when a youth joined their diminished number after fifteen years of isolation from the world, and they learned for the first time that their seeds of political activity had not been sown in vain.

Life makes some individuals bitter; life has made of Vera Figner, who is seventy-five years old and still lives in Russia, a crystal clear and beautiful character.

THERESA WOLFSON

Senator Owen on the War

The Russian Imperial Conspiracy. By Robert Latham Owen. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

CANDID scholars in all countries throughout the Western World are in essential agreement concerning the necessity of repudiating the war-guilt lie embodied in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. Only William Stearns Davis believes Germany uniquely guilty. Very few reputable authorities believe Germany more guilty than the Entente states, while an ever greater number are coming to rank Germany with England and Italy as one of the three countries that did not desire any type of war in Europe after July 26, 1914. There have actually been more historians and publicists in the Entente countries than in the Central Powers who have demolished the war-time fictions regarding war responsibility.

There have, however, been very few statesmen in the Entente lands who have had the courage to come out squarely against the verdict of Versailles. Lloyd George has timidly suggested that no state or group of states deliberately plotted the war, but rather all "stumbled" into it. Caillaux, while awaiting trial, composed a devastating critique of Poincaré and his diplomacy, but since his return to French politics he has not lifted up his voice. Signor Nitti has been the only one to proclaim with power and thoroughness the hypocrisies of the "peace-makers." Senator Robert L. Owen occupies an equally unique position in the United States. He may with complete propriety be called the Nitti of America. His great speech of December 18, 1923, in the United States Senate will, in time, come to be ranked as one of the most notable historical and political orations of the ages. In it a staunch Wilsonian of the war period cast to the winds all of the facile Woodrovian rhetoric which has so subtly and effectively beguiled us into accepting the Entente version of the Great Crusade. Owen has secured few or no avowed disciples on Capitol Hill, but

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historians have already vindicated the essential accuracy of his contentions.

It is fortunate that it has been Senator Owen rather than an equally high-minded statesman with a "bad" war record, like the late Senator LaFollette, upon whom has fallen the task of the public exposure of the mythology born of war propaganda. No man in the United States had a better record from 1914 to 1918. As a member of the Wilson party in Congress he was, more than any other person, responsible for the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, the special pet of American financial interests. He warmly and comprehensively supported Wilson's policy of intervention and all of the war-time legislation designed to further an Entente victory. Nor need he fear to match his ancestry with such representatives of old American stock as Solomon S. Menken or Joseph Cashman of the National Security League, to say nothing of Henry Cabot Lodge or Theodore Roosevelt. There is on him or his record no trace whatever of the brand of the Hun or of Moscow. He is simply an honest man who, more or less accidentally, came into contact with some of the chief monographs and collections of documents concerning the outbreak of the war, realized his errors of the war period, and proceeded to place his political future in jeopardy in the interest of truth, justice and humanity.

The Senator has now brought together his views on war responsibility in a trenchant little book of some 200 pages. It is more in the form of a dignified legal brief than a consecutive history of European diplomacy from January, 1912, to August, 1914. It formulates in forceful fashion the case against the Entente and states the more cogent arguments in behalf of the Central Powers. There is a long concluding section which deals with the development of the revisionist position and the French and British protests against the Treaty of Versailles. Senator Owen holds Russia to be the chief culprit, though willingly abetted by France. When the reviewer first read the work in rough draft a year ago he felt that this position could not be sustained, but recent research in the Russian material assembled in the so-called "Red Archives," edited by Professor Adamov, has led some careful scholars to adopt this same view, and to hold that Poincaré was converted to the war program only upon the event of his visit to St. Petersburg in the summer of 1912. Here he became convinced that the extent of the Russian plans and intrigues rendered it necessary for France to jump in wholeheartedly if she hoped to make any substantial gains as a result of the Franco-Russian Alliance.

Microscopic pedants will detect minor errors and deride the book, but it presents a view of the crisis of 1914 which is certainly close to the truth. It should render an invaluable service to that large reading public which is without the time or training requisite to the mastery of the detailed manuals. And it is for just this group that Senator Owen has prepared his work. It was inspired by a noble purpose and it will serve an excellent cause.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Shakespeare and His Audience

Shakespeare Studies. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. The Macmillan Company. $4.

SOME books are already old and established on the very day they are published. Such a book, for example, was Frederick J. Turner's "Frontier in American History"; and such a book, in another field, is "Shakespeare Studies." For over twenty years Professor Stoll has been a diligent student of the Elizabethan drama and particularly of Shakespeare. With his monographs on "Hamlet" and "Othello" and with his numerous shorter articles he has already made his mark on American Shakespeare criticism, although this is his first book to be addressed to the general reader. A member of the group of scholars who have applied the objective methods of the historian to the study of the Elizabethan drama, Mr. Stoll is distinguished alike for his learning and for his zestful literary style, but more especially for the unflinching rigor with which he applies the historical and comparative method to the study of Shakespeare's characters. While his colleagues have been content to show how actors and audience, sources and stage-craft, have variously affected Shakespeare's work, Mr. Stoll has gone further. Regarding Shakespeare as himself an Elizabethan in blood and marrow, thoroughly in sympathy with his audience and with his business associates, sharing to the full their ideas, tastes, and prejudices, a popular playwright unaware that his work would have a life beyond the boards of his own theater, Professor Stoll has raised a protest against the practice of psychologizing, subtilizing, sentimentalizing, and anachronizing Shakespeare. He has endeavored to put Shakespeare back into his Elizabethan environment, to see Shylock, Othello, Falstaff, Hamlet, the procession of ghosts and criminals, and all the other *personae dramatis* as the spectators at the Globe and the Blackfriars saw them, and as romantic critics, irregardful or unaware of ascertainable fact, have declined to see them. His work has been heeded. At this date it is no longer necessary to defend his method or to explain his main contentions. But it is desirable to point out one of the defects of that method.

Mr. Stoll's purpose, like that of every responsible critic, is to discover the intention of his author. This he attempts to do, with the minimum of subjective theorizing, by studying the general scope and conception of the characters, by treating them strictly as "dramatic" rather than as "historical" personages, by weighing the effect of stage conventions and the physical limitations of Shakespeare's theatre, by keeping within the bounds of Elizabethan ideas, and by observing the practice of other dramatists, both Elizabethan and modern. For many of his illustrations he turns to Molière and to the work of recent Molière scholars. Special emphasis he lays on the restrictions that a popular audience imposes on a dramatist, and he recognizes the mistake of attaching disproportionate significance to isolated single passages.

With a mediocre writer, such as Dekker or Middleton, this procedure would be practically unexceptionable. With Shakespeare, however, it seems inadequate. All that the historical and comparative method can do is to show to what extent he was like other Elizabethan dramatists and thus to guard the critic against obvious misinterpretations; what keeps Shakespeare green while his fellows gather dust upon the bookshelves it illumines imperfectly or not at all. The fact that Shakespeare was a popular dramatist does not mean that his every line and his every nuance of characterization must have been comprehended by his audience; that notion rests on the silent assumption that Elizabethan dramatic technique was invariably as facilely adroit and as calculatedly vulgar as that of a Broadway play-carpenter today. Though in connection with his plays, as Mr. Stoll believes, Shakespeare may never have thought of himself as a poet, he undoubtedly had the inner experience of a poet and knew when he had done a good piece of work. He may also have known that the crowd that trouped into the Globe Theater after weighing the rival attractions of the bear pit and the bawdy houses around the corner would not comprehend how good a play they were listening to. But what of that? They would comprehend enough to make the thing pay; the rest was his own affair. If the sixteenth-century audience took Shylock for a villain and a butt and laughed heartily over his undoing, that was what Shakespeare intended; if that audience missed "the happily human lineaments of his make-up" and "the splendor of poetry, shed like the rain and the light from heaven, on the just and the unjust," the poet did not. If the full flavor of Falstaff's dissertation on honor escaped the apprentices shuffling and yawning in the pit, we need not believe that it escaped the man who wrote it.

Mr. Stoll, of course, knows all this as well as anyone, but in this collection of somewhat technical and argumentative essays the knowledge seems at times to elude him. As a matter

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of fact his understanding of the poet is as sensitive as it is sane. "All that play of their imagination in excess of what is expected or appreciated by the public or required for the task," he says of the great artists in general, "is their gift to mankind, their precious but spontaneous tribute to creation, which comes or goes unnoticed." In this book Shakespeare's tribute to creation does not go unnoticed, for it opens with a movingly eloquent address On the Anniversary of the First Folio and closes with a capital Hazlittian essay on Falstaff. Though he occasionally rides his theories too hard, Mr. Stoll has written one of the indispensable commentaries on Shakespeare's art.

GEORGE GENZMER

The Real Olive Schreiner

From Man to Man. By Olive Schreiner. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE publication of her unfinished novel, "From Man to Man," will set the hearts of Olive Schreiner's friends at rest. Here in this incomplete story, which she herself, as she was writing it, felt would be "quite different from any other book that ever was written," the real Olive Schreiner lives for all time. "Rebekah is me; I don't know which is which any more," she wrote to Havelock Ellis in 1888, and the book is so much the book of Rebekah that even Baby Bertie, her beloved and hapless sister, is somewhat shadowy beside that intensely living figure. To read "From Man to Man" is to know the inner life and deepest thoughts of Rebekah as one rarely knows those of a very dear friend; but to read of Rebekah is also, for her friends, to hear and see Olive Schreiner moving and talking with a vividness almost too poignant. Even the physical gestures that she gives to Rebekah, the tricks of behavior in moments of excitement or of happiness, are her own. And the nobility, the loving kindness, the courage, the divine tenderness of Rebekah—these too are Olive Schreiner's. Those who would know her as she was, those who would understand why those who knew her so greatly loved her, trusted her, honored her, and mourn her, have only to read "From Man to Man."

This is not to say that the book is a perfect work of art as such. The long prelude, called "A Child's Day," is indeed a flawless and exquisite piece. In a letter to her friend, Mrs. Francis Smith, she describes how, sitting at her desk in Alassio, working at something quite different, the whole of it flashed on her complete, and she sat down and wrote it out. And as it stands, this record of the doings and the thoughts of a five-year-old during one hot summer's day, the day on which her baby sister was born, and no one on the farm, accordingly, had thought or time to spare for her, is of so even a texture, so poetic a conception, that the rhythmic, beautiful prose and the deep, beautiful emotion of it fuse into one for the reader as they do only in the greatest of the world's literature. If Olive Schreiner had written nothing but this prelude, which together with the "Thoughts on South Africa" comprised the whole of her unpublished writings for the publication of which she left instructions in her will, her position as a writer of the first order would still stand secure. There is no lovelier short piece in the whole range of English literature.

Yet the novel for which it sets the key, of which, according to the complete list of proposed chapters given by her husband in his introduction, only a little more than half is extant, would never, if completed, have taken a similar place to the prelude as a work of art. The characters, though too sketchily indicated in comparison with Rebekah to fall into focus, are yet alive—all but the two bad respectable women, Veronica and Mrs. Drummond. The cat among women, to which species they both belong, was so feared as well as hated by Olive Schreiner herself that the detachment necessary to see them as human beings was not possible for her. Their sterile cruelty, their cold unlovingness filled her with a horror as of something both obscene and deadly. "It is so terrible to have to realize them and grapple with them," she wrote.

But the book that is "quite different from any other book that ever was written," though it may not be a great novel, is unquestionably a great book, and one of unique importance and interest. It is not only the revelation of the mind and soul of a noble woman, but it is the statement for all time of what the true woman desires to give to and to receive from the man she loves. In half-humorous despair she wrote of it to Havelock Ellis: "The worst of this book of mine is that it's so womanly. I think it's the most womanly book that ever was written. . . ." But she came to love the book more than any of her others, more than she loved any person, as she worked on it, because "I know it gives a voice to that which exists in the hearts of many women and some men." And in the midst of awful pain and weakness she finds support in the thought of it, in the fact that "'From Man to Man' will help other people; for it will help to make men more tender to women, because they will understand them better; it will make some women more tender to others; it will comfort some women by showing them that others have felt as they do." She was justified of her comfort. There will be women, and men, too, the world over, lonely of heart for the most part, who as they read this book will feel, with a yearning joy, that certain bleak solitarinesses of the spirit are no longer possible for them. And they will take up their lives with a new strength, saying within themselves, as she said, "Somewhere, sometime . . ."

R. S. ALEXANDER

Catching Pegasus Young

Singing Youth, an Anthology of Poems by Children. Edited by Mabel Mountsier. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

HAVING gathered numerous examples of the child's expression, I opened the present volume with curiosity. I was eager to know what the editor had deduced from her extensive examination of children's work. Miss Mountsier is not very informative upon this subject. Her concern, evidently, was more for "quality" than for significance. By significance I mean the psychological implications. She does say in her introduction that "humor, scarce enough as it is among older writers, is still more rare among children, who seem to grow serious when they set to work to put their ideas on paper." This observation astounds me. It has been my intimate experience, and that of numerous other educators, that mischief is very active in the literary life of children, as it is active in their physical life. Seriousness and humor are not antithetical. The little girl in my young group of writers who wrote

I give my body
Pies and cakes,
And the thanks I get
Are tummy-aches

was serious about her business of recording her experience, but she caught the irony of it, too.

There are some superlative examples of the child's writing in Miss Mountsier's collection. But the volume does not "help us to see the beauty of the world." It does not need to. As poetry and as verse-structure, most children's work is doggerel and inconsequential. This includes the work of even Miss Nathalia Crane, whom happily Miss Mountsier has omitted. The importance of the child's expression is as a child's expression, not as "it reveals the soul that has not yet felt 'her earthly freight.'" Writing is of major importance in the development of the child. But viewed comparatively, most of the writing by children is either a trite imagism or, in the older child, a sententiousness which is about all most verse-writers seem to get from Whitman. The work of the youngest child is usually the most pleasing, as well as the most "significant." The elimination of details and the seeming separation of ideas are indicative of a mental process which is more interesting

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than the mechanics of the verse. The mental process is interesting both as the mental process of the child and in its relation to the mental process of the adult attempting the construction of ideas in writing. I think Miss Mountsier would have recognized that the proper viewpoint for a collection of children's writings is psychological, had she not decided upon verse only. One cannot get the full import of the child's expression in a volume of "selected" verse. What is the attitude of the child toward prose, as distinguished from his attitude toward verse? Does every child understand poetry as a distinct presentation, as did the tot at the Ferrer Modern School who said, "In a poem you don't tell everything"? When experienced educators and psychologists study the "fine arts" of the child, they are as much interested in the average as they are in the exceptional. I refer the reader to "Children's Drawings," edited by Stella Agnes McCarty, and to "Der Genius im Kinde," by G. F. Hartlaub. As a matter of fact, it is a study of the average which explains the exceptional. And I am certain a collection of the child's work on the basis of the child's expression, rather than on the basis of the adult's pleasure, would prove no less pleasing to the adult. Even the best work in "Singing Youth" is made enjoyable to a reader familiar with the best poetry only by the knowledge that it is a child's work.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Intensity

The Drums of Panic. By Martin Feinstein. Macy-Masius. $2.
Death of a Young Man. By W. L. River. Simon and Schuster. $2.

IF conversation is written to amuse, it has a right to be artificial. But if it is set down as a serious transcript of the way people talk, the *mot juste* is out of place. In "The Drums of Panic" Mr. Feinstein makes this mistake. He tells a conventional story with the devastating intensity of a short lyric, an intensity which cannot be sustained throughout a novel unless the characters are under some terrific strain. Yet, except for the shattered nerves of the returned soldier who is one of the central figures, nothing has occurred out of the ordinary, nothing to warrant the displaying of these people in conversations charged and epigrammatic to the last degree. One closes the book with a sense, indeed, of having read a clear, poetic prose; but also with a sense of having wandered among people who are sadly and unreasonably distant from our life.

In "Death of a Young Man," on the other hand, Mr. River has written a novel full of burning conversation, and yet it is not unreal because there is a reason for its intensity. The book is a diary kept by a young man, David Bloch, who has been told by his doctor that he has only a year to live. He is desperately anxious to crowd a lifetime of experience into this one year, and the result is a tangle of impressions too bright and fleeting for his eager consciousness. Gradually his sanity gives way as he thinks and dreams of nothing but death and murder. The diary goes on for six months, and then ends abruptly on a new-found note of stoical serenity.

This novel has what Mr. Feinstein's novel lacks—the casual irrelevance of real life, the long stretches of unimportant cross-purposes and misunderstandings which swallow up our flashes of poetry. Yet all the time there is the ironic undercurrent of strain, the knowledge of imminent death. These qualities raise interesting questions. One wonders how David Bloch died. But even more one wonders how he lived on if the doctor was proved wrong. For six months he threw his whole being into every sensation, however trivial, that came his way. If the pressure were taken off, what would be the result? Would he recover the everyday balance between the casual and the intense, or would he live out his life without the merciful power of accepting the irrelevant and dismissing it as such? Perhaps David Bloch wondered about this too, but he did not wait to see.

MARTHA MOTT

Music

The Lower Rhine Festival in Aachen

TO the average foreigner the music festivals of Germany are usually summed up by the one word: Bayreuth. To the average German, Bayreuth is only one festival out of many. Community music-making has been natural to this music-loving people ever since the thirteenth century, when Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia held that famous competition festival on the Wartburg in which Tannhäuser and Wolfram von Eschenbach took part. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Elberfeld, in 1817, held a big community festival, the idea spread rapidly to other towns in the Rhineland, so that when Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle as we call it, joined forces in 1825 with Elberfeld in this annual Lower Rhine Festival, Düsseldorf and Cologne had already preceded her. The quality and importance of these festivals may be gauged by this first one held in Aachen, when Franz Ries, the pupil and friend of Beethoven, conducted the Ninth Symphony, then still in manuscript. And the far-reaching effect these festivals had upon the musical development of western Germany can be imagined when one realizes that they were directed for many years by Mendelssohn, who, more than any other conductor, preached the gospel of Johann Sebastien Bach by giving Bach's great choral works. Another element of great value in these festivals has been their long-adhered-to policy of encouraging local composers —one notes such names as those of Schumann and Brahms.

It was this policy, therefore, one had to keep in mind when judging the Lower Rhine Festival of 1927. From long tradition, the festival took place at Whitsuntide, lasting three days in all. And from this same tradition, many of the works offered were by local musicians and were receiving their first hearing. The "Grosse Messe" in G minor, by Walter Braunfels, which comprised the first day's program, came, for instance, under this category; so, too, did a "Sinfonia Brevis" by Phillip Jarnach, an "Intermezzo and Rondo" by Rudolph Beck for piano and orchestra, a posthumous work for piano and orchestra by Liszt entitled "Malédiction," which occupied part of the second day's program, and the "Heiliges Lied," by Josef V. von Wöss, which closed the third and last concert.

It cannot be said that anything great or significant was revealed by these newly heard works. The "Mass" was long-winded and ugly, belonging to that decadent post-Wagner, post-Strauss period which directly preceded the World War. Its only excuse for being given must have been the fact that its composer and conductor, Walter Braunfels, is director of the Hochschule für Musik in Cologne. The same might be said for Jarnach, a professor in this same school, whose "Sinfonia Brevis," written in 1919, was a depressing example of that dark period of hopelessness and despair through which the German composer took his rudderless course just after the war. On the other hand, Beck's little work, especially the "Rondo," was fresh and delightful in spirit, if not particularly original in content. Little is known about the composer other than that he early turned from music to religion and became a missionary.

On the whole the festival was interesting rather than inspiring. The local orchestra was ragged, the local chorus was like the average "Oratorio Society," the local conductor, Dr. Peter Raabe, was merely "well routined," and the local pianist, Eduard Erdmann, was more of a musician than a virtuoso. The soprano soloist, Amalie Merz-Tunner, who also took part in the Bonn Festival, was what is usually termed "reliable." None of these things, however, detracted from the real value of the festival, which lay in the spirit and purpose already mentioned. After all, a Schumann or a Brahms is not to be found every day. The main thing is that when they *are* found they have a ready and sympathetic hearing. This is the lesson that America can learn from the Lower Rhine Festivals.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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Books in Brief

The Conquest of Civilization. By James H. Breasted. *The Ordeal of Civilization.* By James Harvey Robinson. Harper and Brothers. $10.

These volumes, to which the publishers, apparently for advertising purposes only, have given the comprehensive title "The Human Adventure," are in substance a reissue, in revised and somewhat enlarged form, of Professor Breasted's "Ancient Times" and Professor Robinson's "Mediaeval and Modern Times," two well-known textbooks brought out some ten years ago by another publisher and still in print. Fortunately for the rather novel enterprise, the originals are themselves conspicuously readable, while the transformation has been further aided by the omission of such pedagogical apparatus as section captions, marginal headings, and assorted questions at the end of the chapters. A comparison of the two texts shows a good many minor changes and some rewriting, such variations being especially frequent in Professor Breasted's volume, where careful use appears to have been made of the results of recent exploration and study of the ancient world. Professor Robinson, in turn, has added a chapter on the course of events since the World War, and another which essays a general forecast of the historical trend. To the generations of students who have known the original books as textbooks, the present edition will not offer much that is new, but to others the volumes may be commended as, on the whole, the most useful brief survey of world history available.

Makers of Freedom. By Kirby Page and Sherwood Eddy. George H. Doran and Company. $1.50.

This freedom which we have today differs unquestionably from the sort prevailing centuries ago, but somehow, after reading a truthful but depressing account of the results of industrial feudalism, machine civilization, and the possibilities of modern warfare, we wonder how the sum totals would compare. Whatever we possess has been well paid for, as the brief biographies of these eight "makers" show. Messrs. Eddy and Page have picked William Lloyd Garrison, Booker T. Washington, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, John Wesley, J. Kier Hardie, Susan B. Anthony, and Woodrow Wilson as pioneers in social, religious, and spiritual progress.

A Primer of Medieval Latin. By Charles H. Beeson. Scott, Foresman and Co. $2.

All textbooks ought to be like this one. Prepared by a first-rate scholar in consultation with dozen of others, it presents 113 selections from medieval literature, from Cassiodorus to Roger Bacon, as an introduction to medieval Latin. At the same time it is a small anthology of medieval prose and poetry, valuable to any student of literature or civilization. This fascinating little volume is also a challenge to the classical Latinists. If they can put together as valuable a primer for classical Latin—and given the wealth of materials, why should they not?—students may yet be convinced that they ought to "take" Latin as well as sociology.

The American People: A History. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Professor Wertenbaker thinks that American history, as commonly written, is not interesting, and that it ought to be made so. He has, accordingly, joined the ranks of those who "are making a conscious and determined effort to reinvest the story of America with the charm which naturally and rightfully belongs to it," and who, without sacrificing truth or historical perspective, or committing themselves "to any form of propaganda," have made it their sole desire "to tell the story with as much of the interest and glamor as may be possible to the imagination of the writer." As far as a lively style and a relative wealth of personal or local incidents are elements of success, he has achieved a considerable measure of success with his highly provocative program. To the reader, on the other hand, who cares more for a well-balanced summary of events or movements most worth knowing than for incidents or episodes which "the manner of the novelist" can make vivid or picturesque, the book will prove a disappointment. It is sadly disproportioned, as witness the 365 pages, out of a total of 471 of text, that are given to bringing the narrative down to the end of the Civil War; and what is offered, even in the scanty remainder of space, regarding the past sixty eventful years is the merest sketch. Perhaps there was need of the kind of book that Professor Wertenbaker apparently set out to write, but what he has written fills no gap.

A Voyage to the South Seas in His Majesty's Ship Wager in the Years 1740-1741. By John Bulkeley and John Cummins. With an introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

This is a reproduction, the second in the Argonaut Series edited by Arthur D. Howden Smith, of the narrative of the gunner and carpenter of the Wager, which was lost on an island off the southwest coast of Chile on Anson's famous voyage around the world. Most of the crew, tired of the arrogance and inadequacy of the captain, defied his authority, fitted out the long-boat, and sailed it to Brazil under the leadership of Bulkeley and Cummins, who published their story in 1743 upon getting back to England.

The Book of Troilus and Criseyde. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from all the Known Manuscripts by Robert Kilburn Root. Princeton University Press. $6.

One of the best of all poems is at last given not only a definitive text—one established after long labor by an accredited Chaucer scholar—but an acceptable format. The stranger to Chaucer will be attracted to this large type on these tall pages; the student will have all he wants in the way of introduction, textual notes, explanatory notes, and glossary; and the adventurer in literature will be sent on his way through an intricate masterpiece of psychological narrative. Mr. Root's introduction is least satisfactory in its purely critical portions.

Ocean Tramps. By Themselves. Edited by Edgar Williams. The Norman Remington Company. $2.50.

In 1919 the unsalted and unseasoned United States Shipping Board revived the long obsolete office of supercargo, putting a business representative aboard each of its vessels. The innovation was hotly resented by the regular officers, with whose duties and privileges, to some extent, it interfered, and it was abolished after a couple of years. Some of the appointees, mostly young ex-service men, had the tact to make the best of a bad job; others didn't. Both kinds are revealed in these sketches, written by some thirty of the supercargoes.

The Passaic Textile Strike. By Mary Heaton Vorse. The General Relief Committee of Textile Strikers. $.35.

Here is a splendid account of the historic struggle in Passaic. "This pamphlet," says the author, "aims only to show the workers passing through the many phases of the strike and overcoming the successive difficulties and disappointments standing between them and a final victory."

Book Reviewing. By Wayne Gard. (Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism.) Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Written "for freelance reviewers and for classes in reviewing," this work will serve its purpose very well among those who do not care to take criticism as seriously as the best reviewers take it. It is in fact a useful compendium of information for the "craft."

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International Relations Section

A Forger of Soviet "Documents"

By L. T.

THE case of Serge Drujilovski which was tried in the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union, July 8-11, received only scant attention in the American press, notwithstanding the fact that it contained all the elements of an international sensation involving the American press along with the governments of several European countries.

Drujilovski first came into prominence in the summer of 1925 when he was twice arrested by the Berlin police on charges of forgery. At that time a large number of blanks of the Communist International, various rubber stamps of Soviet institutions, and other tools and materials used in forgeries were discovered in his possession. This discovery confirmed the belief that Drujilovski was one of those engaged in the manufacture of forged Soviet and Communist International documents which have been widely circulated and used as material for anti-Soviet and anti-Communist campaigns in a number of countries. After both his arrests Drujilovski, as was disclosed at the trial, was supported by the Bulgarian Berlin legation which intervened in his behalf. The first time he was under arrest only a few days. After that he was deported from Germany and went to Latvia and Esthonia. In the summer of 1926 he attempted to cross into the Soviet Union but was arrested at the border by the Soviet authorities. An investigation of his activities followed and he was then brought to trial.

Some of the important details of Drujilovski's activities and his trial as recorded in the Moscow press follow.

> The two main points of the indictment were: (1) That after the end of the civil war and the rout of the Judenich army Drujilovski was employed in the second division of the Polish General Staff and was engaged until 1926 as a spy against the Soviet Union. . . (2) That during the year 1925 and part of 1926 he, in executing the requests of agents of the secret-service organs of foreign governments, produced for their use forged documents, allegedly emanating from the Soviet Government and the Communist International, which were to be utilized for the purpose of bringing about rupture of agreements and diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and to be the occasion for armed intervention in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union and other hostile acts.

Drujilovski pleaded guilty to both charges and asked for mercy on the ground that he was ignorant of the effects his activities were to produce.

His activities as forger of Soviet documents, as established by his own story and the investigation of the prosecution, began late in 1924 after a variegated career first as officer in the Czar's army, then in the Red army which he deserted in 1919 when he fled to Finland and thence to Esthonia where he joined the anti-Soviet forces under the command of General Judenich, then as journalist working for anti-Soviet publications in Riga and Reval, and as spy and agent of the second (secret) division of the General Staff of the Polish army, later as collaborator in various "press bureaus" furnishing "information" on the Soviet Union. In 1924 he settled in Berlin where were many of his emigre friends engaged in activities designed to discredit the Soviet Government. Among others he worked for Herald Sievert, former officer of the Russian army, who had entered the employ of the German army during the occupation of Riga by the latter. Herald Sievert maintained an information agency in Berlin, known as the "Deutsche Ost Press Bureau" which had been furnishing information on the Soviet Union to a number of foreign governments.

The first forged document manufactured by Drujilovski was the one concerning alleged Soviet and Communist activities in the United States. Drujilovski as that time was in the pay of the Polish legation where he worked as a spy on the Soviet Union and on Communist activities, receiving a monthly wage of 300 gold marks. According to Drujilovski, the Berlin representative of the second division of the Polish General Staff, Mr. Pacierkowski, suggested that he get some documents relating to Soviet activities. Drujilovski consulted his friend Gavrilov-Tkachenko who had had experience in the manufacture of various documents in Vienna. Gavrilov furnished him with a blank letterhead on which was the printed emblem of the USSR. Drujilovski used the letterhead to produce a document purporting to be "Instructions on the Order of Elections to the Executive Committee of the Communist International in the United States of America." The "instructions" were signed by the names "Kolarov" and "Stuart" and they contained references to sums of money allegedly advanced by the Communist International at Moscow for the activities of the Workers' (Communist) Party in the United States. According to this document "Comrade Rutberg" received from Moscow $40,000 at one time and the Worker's Party was to receive in further payments $25,000 a month to carry on its activities.

At the suggestion of Pacierkowski, Drujilovski took the document to the American consulate in Berlin. Here he got in touch with the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* who, he thought, was likely to be interested in a document of this sort. Mr. Seldes of the Chicago *Tribune* found the document interesting and instructive, but he pointed out that the name of the secretary of the Worker's Party was Ruthenberg and not "Rutberg" as it was spelled in the document. Drujilovski, however, easily overcame this difficulty by producing another document, this time on a letterhead of the Berlin office of the Moscow *Izvestia* which he obtained from the manager of a private detective bureau, A. P. Konrad. This new document purported to confirm that the money for Communist activities in the United States was being forwarded by the Communist International to the address of "Rutberg-Ruthenberg." As a further explanation Drujilovski printed at the bottom of the document the information that the Berlin office of the *Izvestia* was a branch of the executive committee of the Communist International. Mr. Seldes cabled the documents to the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Times* where they were prominently published on February 15, 1925. In his explanatory remarks Mr. Seldes declared that he was perfectly satisfied as to the authenticity of these documents.

These and further forgeries of documents relating to alleged activities of Soviet agents in the United States and other countries proved a great success, and were much in demand by official and press agencies of the various

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countries. Drujilovski organized his business on a large scale and he had even had an advertisement running in the Russian emigre journal *Rul* in Berlin. The advertisement read as follows:

> Russian Information Agency "Russino," Ansbacherstrasse 8-9, Gartenhaus, Greistock. Registered by the German authorities. Accepts orders for information on the activities of the Comintern all over the world [literal translation: on a world-wide scale]. Correspondence and information on the state of affairs in Russia. Correspondents wanted. Remuneration by agreement. Hours: from 5:30 to 7:30 P. M. Director S. M. Drujilovski. Secretary G. P. Kipp.

Beside the "Rutberg-Ruthenberg" document Drujilovski was the author of a number of other documents revealing "subversive activities" of Soviet agents in the United States. Among these was a letter supposedly addressed to the "Plenipotentiary Representative of the Comintern" and containing an expression of the appreciation of the Council of People's Commissars of the activities of said "Plenipotentiary Representative" in the United States. It also contained references to money allegedly sent for these activities, it mentioned Senator Borah, and there were references made to poison which was to be used in assassinating "Attorney General Warren," etc. Another document purported to reveal certain transactions of the Communist International in disposing of diamonds in the United States.

However, the chief customer for Drujilovski's documents was the Bulgarian legation at Berlin. According to Drujilovski, he was responsible among others for the following documents:

A letter from the Communist International to the Communist Party of Bulgaria with detailed instructions on the steps to be taken in strengthening the activities of the party; a document purporting to confirm the forwarding of a large sum of money by the Communist International to Pastermagiev; a circular letter of the Communist International ordering a general uprising in Bulgaria to take place on April 16, 1925; an "order" addressed to the "chief of the Balkan Operative center": by this order the Bulgarian Communist Dmitriev was appointed chief of the operative center and M. Krassovski was appointed chief of the General Staff.

These and a number of other documents were used by the Zankov government in connection with the explosion in the Cathedral at Sophia which occurred on April 15, 1925, to lay the blame for the explosion on Moscow and to justify the reign of terror which followed and during which the Communist Party and most of the radical peasant leaders were virtually annihilated. These documents were also used by the Zankov Government in pleading before the Council of Ambassadors for permission to increase the Bulgarian army from 33,000 to 40,000, and on the strength of these documents this increase was allowed.

According to Drujilovski, negotiations over the manufacture and sale of the incriminating documents were conducted on behalf of the Bulgarian legation by a man who introduced himself as Angelov but who later turned out to be the Bulgarian minister, Popov, himself. Angelov-Popov suggested the nature of the documents desired and Drujilovski did the rest. The most significant of these documents was the one containing the alleged order of the Communist International for a violent uprising to take place on April 16, 1925. This document was subsequently given the widest publicity in the press all over the world,

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and was accepted as proving beyond further doubt that the Sophia explosion had been directly engineered by the Communist International at Moscow. The document, according to Drujilovski, had been manufactured by him early in March 1925, i.e. before the explosion took place. The coincidence of the date of the explosion with the date set for the uprising in the Drujilovski forgery led the prosecutor at the Moscow trial to express the belief that the explosion was one incident in a chain of provocations carefully prepared by the Bulgarian government with the aim of finding sufficient justification for wiping out the Communist and radical agrarian elements. The prosecutor found further confirmation for this belief in the story told by Drujilovski to the court of a conversation which he had overheard once while in the anteroom of the Bulgarian legation in Berlin. According to this story, the conversation was between the Bulgarian Minister, M. Popov and a man who, he later found out, was the British Colonel Holst who had just arrived from Sophia. Drujilovski heard the voice of M. Popov who asked excitedly: "But how could you admit an explosion, Colonel?"

The prosecutor of the Supreme Court said in summary:

> The inference which is naturally to be drawn from Drujilovski's testimony is that the same hand prepared and executed the explosion in the Sophia Cathedral (apparently there was to be only an attempt at an explosion; the explosion itself was the result of a miscalculation) that directed the manufacture of the forgery concerning the armed uprising in Bulgaria. We know whose hand that was: It was the hand of the Bulgarian Minister, Popov. And this hand was supported and directed by the British Secret Service in the person of Colonel Holst, the same Holst who, according to the evidence disclosed at the trial, had been meeting the Bulgarian Prime-Minister Zankov himself at the secret headquarters in Sophia maintained by an English spy.

It may be noted that the forgeries produced by Drujilovski were on the whole done rather poorly. They revealed the political illiteracy of their author and his utter ignorance of actual relations. They were produced mostly in the style of the sensational detective stories which Drujilovski had been engaged in publishing during the first period of his sojourn in Reval after the defeat suffered by the forces of General Judenich. Drujilovski explained at the trial that this was done by him purposely out of sympathy with the Soviet cause. He believed that because of their ineptitude the forgeries would be easily detected and would fail of their purpose.

Fascist Culture

The article published below was taken from the *Liberte*, an anti-Fascist paper published in Paris; it appeared on Jun 26, 1927, under the title Cultural Grayness.

> The Rome correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* has just announced as "a great event of the day" the appearance of a novel by Sibilla Aleramo, adding: "In the grayness of the present output this book shines by its own light." A melancholy fact! The grayness has persisted since the Fascist regime commenced to rage, and it extends to all Italian arts though it has hit literature the hardest.
>
> Fascism has reduced to silence or intimidated our best pens; those to whom it has given courage either write like hacks or are reduced to making themselves Mussolini's bootblacks. The finest example of bootlicking was offered last year by Margherita Sarfatti with the publication of

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"Dux"; for our contemporary literature that was also, alas, an event. But no other book of interest to the booksellers has appeared either before or since.

D'Annunzio is now in his dotage; to amuse himself in the Vittoriale "prison" he has a cannon fired now and then from the ship "Puglia"; and in order to let him have some more rolls of banknotes Mussolini has authorized Gioacchino Forzano to give a performance of the "Figlia di Jorio" at the poet's villa in September, selling tickets at 1,000 lire.

So D'Annunzio can no longer be counted on. Fascism placed considerable hope in Guido da Verona, but he in his "La Lettera alla Sartine d'Italia" has shown such signs of softness that not even the address which he gave, he says, in the name of all Italian writers, in a square of Milan to exalt the book fair, was sufficient to restore him to his former prominence. Other writers are silent. Sem Benelli, after humiliating himself with conciliatory statements to obtain Fascist permission for the performance of his tragedies, has since given nothing to the theatre. Roberto Bracco, persecuted, insulted, wrathful, exasperated, allows his pen to grow rusty. Papini, in order not to get into legal difficulties or compromise himself, remains immersed in aceticism. Only the mediocrities, or sly foxes like Trilussa, pretend to acknowledge Fascism in order to be allowed to live on.

In journalism it is still worse. Not one fascinating writer. Not one dynamic writer on controversial subjects. Not one who shines by his own originality. The Scarfoglios are hunted, the Malagodis are discouraged, the Sacchis outraged! There remained only Giovanni Ansaldo. His articles were a terrible indictment, especially when in the vein of ironical literary ramblings. To silence him the regime first shut him in a cell and then deported him to the islands of despair.

There is the same humiliating catastrophe in all the arts. The genuises, the personalities which were an honor to the country, have either been taken into custody or, if arrived at the extreme limit of decrepitude and imbecility, like Gemito, have sought patronage by some loudly proclaimed act of approval.

The highest positions in connection with the arts have naturally gone to Fascists. The insignificant composer of the music of "Giovinezza" has been catapulted into the position of commissary general for the musical institutes of Piedmont. Another figurehead, whose name is entirely unknown, holds the post of director of the Bologna Lyceum, formerly occupied by Martucci.

Conclusion: from the Fascist generations only donkeys issue. Not one poet, novelist, painter, sculptor, comedian, musician or architect. Only nonentities.

And this is self-explanatory. The Fascist regime instills into the boys a passion for arms (formerly the crossbow, now the revolver), rather than a love of books. Youth is becoming pugnacious, instead of studious. Unconsciously they imitate Mussolini, who once boasted of never having visited a museum.

In former times the schoolmasters made their pupils read Manzoni; the professors explained Cicero and Dante. Now the poor schoolboys have read to them, with comments, Mussolini's discourses. That explains everything.

(signed) S.

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